

# LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



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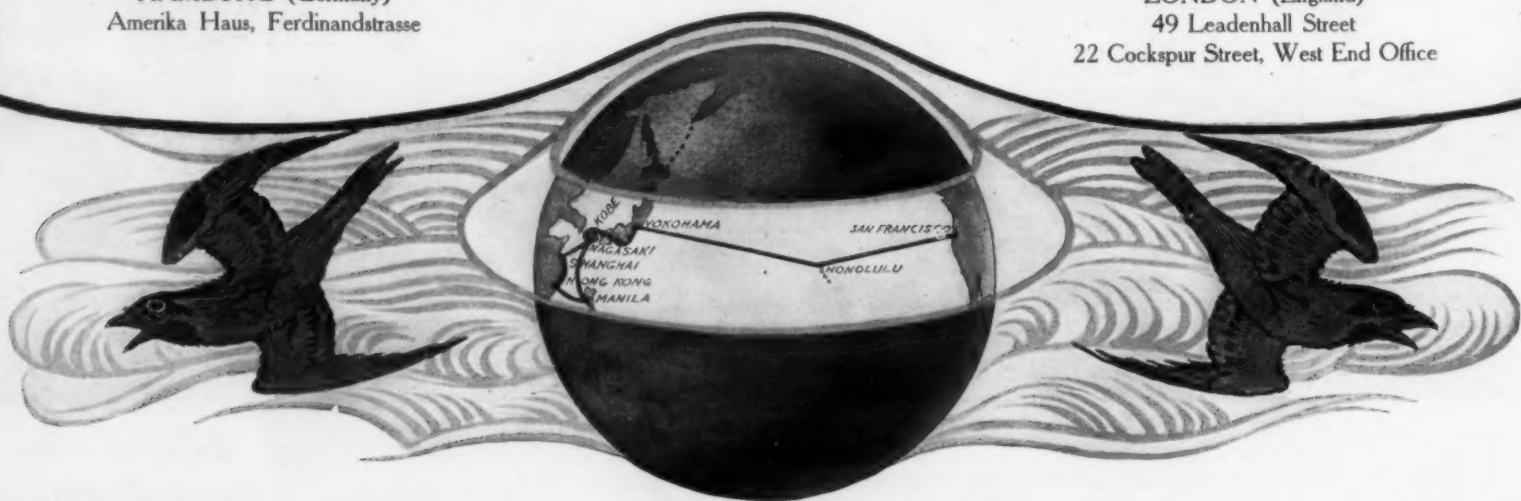
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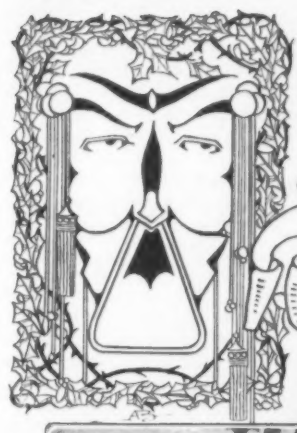
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# LESLIE'S

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## WEEKLY

CHRISTMAS 1907



A CHRISTMAS DINNER BEHIND THE SCENES.  
*Drawn by J. R. Graff. See page 580.*



# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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Parties representing themselves as connected with  
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The publishers will be glad to hear from subscribers who have just  
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Thursday, December 12, 1907

## The True Christmas Spirit.

IT IS not in days of prosperity and brightness that the true Christmas spirit finds the most fitting occasion to manifest itself. At such a time to be cheerful is as easy as breathing, and liberal giving is not felt as a burden. But in a juncture like the present, when the clouds of a financial storm have barely rolled by, and depression has menaced not a few industries, there is an exceptional opportunity to exercise the sentiment proper to the holiday season. In many circles of acquaintanceship there may be those who are distressed because losses suffered in the panic have crippled their resources and seriously lessened their incomes. To these, even more scrupulously than before, kindly consideration should be shown by their friends. The smile and the hearty hand-clasp of good-will should characterize the greeting of them now as surely as in the past. If any man, once prosperous, requires a helping hand, the chance should be seized to prove to him that long-professed friendship is genuine. Even where no substantial aid is given or needed, encouraging words and optimistic counsel may serve to cheer a troubled heart.

Under the circumstances of the hour, also, it should be realized more profoundly than ever that Christmas is especially a holiday for the children. For them, at least, it should be made as happy a day as possible. They should be sedulously shielded from the troubles that may sadden older members of the family. For this the latter will not be without their reward, since, infected by the little ones' joyous and care-free observance of the day, the grown-ups may be induced for the time to put away anxiety and foreboding.

To those, always among us, whose need is great the bounty of previous years should not be unduly stinted. Better it is, if necessary, to deny one's self some things not absolutely essential, and to withhold presents of value to the well-to-do, than to cut down donations to the destitute and hard-pressed. Some of the charitable societies are complaining that contributions have this year fallen off on the verge of winter, when the needs of benevolent work are most urgent. It would be a reproach to any American community if, in the rigorous weather now nigh, its poor should suffer for want of the bare necessities of life. There is in the aggregate wealth of society, even in a panic-stricken period, enough and to spare for all, if the right point of view is taken and the selfishness of those who have does not blind them to their duty to those who have not.

But above all mere material considerations at this season is the giving of a free rein to the impulse of kindness and the sense of brotherhood among human beings. If we have not silver or gold to bestow, we can at least open our hearts and give of our souls. If we can but inspire our fellows with better feelings, and knit them to us by stronger ties of deserved regard, we shall have done far more for them than if we had presented them perfunctorily with the costliest of material things. And doing this, we shall most truly exemplify the teachings of the Great Master whose birth is celebrated on Christmas Day.

## Using Money in Political Campaigns.

THE DEMOCRATIC papers which have been raising a clamor about the contributions which they say were made to the Republican campaign fund in 1904 are unwise. They are unwise because they are apt to provoke inquiries as to Democratic practices in that connection. The inquirer will not proceed far in his investigations before he will discover that the Democrats and not the Republicans were the original

sinners in this field. "We Fremonters in this town have not one dollar where the Fillmoreans and the Buchanians have ten dollars each, and we have Pennsylvania and New Jersey both on our shoulders." These were Horace Greeley's words in the presidential campaign of 1856, in a letter to James S. Pike, the Washington correspondent of the *Tribune*.

Current report had it that the South put \$150,000 into the canvass in Pennsylvania that year in aid of Buchanan, Pennsylvania being a "pivotal" State at that time, and Pennsylvania was carried for him. Wall Street contributed several hundreds of thousands of dollars to the Democratic fund, to be used chiefly in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York. August Belmont, a prominent Wall Street banker of those days, the American agent of the Rothschilds, and father of the present well-known New York Belmonts (August, O. H. P., and Perry), was said to have contributed \$100,000 to help Buchanan. If the late John W. Forney, the chairman of the Democratic State committee of Pennsylvania in 1856, who disbursed the Buchanan campaign funds which had been sent to that State, had been free to tell the secrets of his prison-house (he told some of them a few years later after he became a Republican, but not all) he could have unfolded a tale which would silence the assailants of Chairman Cortelyou, of the Republican national committee of 1904.

The use of money in presidential campaigns on a large scale began in 1856, and the Democrats began it. The next time when money was used in big sums in a presidential canvass was just twenty years later, in 1876, and the Democrats (Tilden and his supporters) were the culprits again. Anybody who remembers the campaign of 1876 will recollect the exposures of Democratic expenditures of money for political purposes. In self-defense the Republicans followed the bad example set for them by the Democrats, and the "blocks of five" and other discreditable practices by the Republicans in 1880 in the doubtful States, and the other revelations of the same sort in some subsequent canvasses, matched the Democratic contemporaneous doings in those campaigns. Mr. Barnum, for the Democrats, disbursed as much money, in proportion to the wealth of the country in his days of activity, as Mr. Hanna and Mr. Cortelyou did for the Republicans.

Coming down to the canvass of 1904 we find that Belmont, Ryan, and Henry G. Davis (Parker's running mate) were active in raising funds for Parker. Tom Taggart, the head of the Democratic national campaign committee, ably assisted Belmont, Ryan, and Davis in holding out the hat in Wall Street and elsewhere for contributions to the Parker fund. The late John A. McCall, the president of the New York Life Insurance Company, in the insurance investigations conducted by the present Governor Hughes in 1905, testified that he was hounded by the Democratic campaign fund beggars wherever he went. An especial appeal was made to Wall Street in 1904 for Parker on the ground that he would be safer and saner for Wall Street interests than Roosevelt would be, and undoubtedly these appeals were effective in many cases.

We are not justifying the use of money in large amounts by either party in campaigns, although some money necessarily has to be put up to pay the rent of campaign headquarters, pay the expenses of printing and distributing campaign literature, and in putting spellbinders on the road. Aside from the money needed in paying the legitimate expenses of campaigns, its use should be condemned. The national law prohibiting the contributions by corporations in elections, and the State laws which have recently been passed on the same subject, will eliminate much of this evil in 1908 and subsequent campaigns.

## Tariff Revision in 1909.

IMMEDIATELY after a talk with the President some weeks ago, Senator Hopkins, of Illinois, said there would be no tariff revision during the life of the sixtieth Congress, which met on December 2d, and which will end on March 4th, 1909. "After the presidential election," said the Senator, "I believe it will be the duty of the Republican party to revise the tariff, and that it will be done." The country accepts these words, on that occasion, as expressing the President's view. It has been reported recently several times that the President would like to have the Republicans, in their national platform of 1908, pledge the party, if it wins the election, to revise the tariff immediately after the inauguration of the President on March 4th, 1909.

President McKinley called Congress in extra session when he entered office in 1897, and it made the speediest and best job of revision ever made since the foundation of the Republican party. It framed the Dingley tariff, which will be twelve years old at the time the next President steps into power in 1909. It is understood also that the President favors a commission, composed of men representing both parties and all interests, to go over the tariff schedule by schedule, and frame a scheme which could be made the basis of Congress's work when it meets in March, 1909. President Arthur appointed a tariff commission in 1882, which simplified the work of the Republican Congress in framing the tariff act which went into operation in 1883.

At its recent annual convention in New York the National Association of Manufacturers declared in favor of tariff revision immediately after the inauguration of the President in 1909, when the elections are all out of the way, when business demands can get a hearing, and when the clamor of the demagogues will be silenced. It was under such conditions that the

Dingley law was framed ten years ago, and at the time it was framed it was, in consequence, the best-balanced tariff law the country ever had. But some changes in conditions have taken place in the past ten years, and it is to meet them that the President and many other Republicans favor revision in an extra session in 1909. The revision will be done by the friends of protection, and the protective principle will be maintained in it as it is in the present act.

## The Plain Truth.

DANGER of complications with Japan seems to have passed with the common-sense acceptance by the Mikado's government of the American point of view as to Oriental immigration. The real danger to American interests in the Pacific is a commercial one, as increasingly appears from the extent of Japan's activities in displacing Americans and Europeans in the rich trade fields of the far East. Whether Japan is observing the spirit of the open door in Manchuria or not is a matter for debate, but it is evident that she has entered upon a far-reaching policy of developing her own trade and industries—a policy which should spur the manufacturers of the United States to renewed efforts to meet the competition of a shrewd and resourceful trade rival. Neither in war nor in commerce can the Western nations continue to rely upon past achievements; they must draw upon all their resources of enterprise and ingenuity if they expect to maintain their long-boasted superiority over the awakening yellow races.

ONE EFFECT of the business depression was seen in the markedly reduced attendance at this year's New York horse show; but the comparative failure of this so-called "smart" function is not a matter for the deepest regret. The horse show has been for years perverted from its avowed purpose of stimulating interest in the noblest of domestic animals, and has become the most conspicuous example of extravagant display of dress to be found in the whole country. Its influence upon thousands of persons who have no claim by reason of wealth or social position to figure in that world which is vaguely designated as "society," but who, nevertheless, strain all their resources to be numbered among its members, has been pernicious. If the financial troubles of the year have the effect of bringing the people of the United States to a sense of proportion in their expenditures and a realization of the folly of striving to outdo one's neighbor in luxury and display, the general public may well be reconciled to the deficit with which the stockholders of the National Horse-show Association may have to reckon.

THE TENDENCY toward the doing off-hand by executive officers of things which ought to be done with deliberation and forethought by trained administrators received a notable check by the action of Governor Hughes in vetoing the two-cent railroad-fare bill. In accordance with the same principle, he has now set out to bring about a much-needed revision of banking legislation in New York State, and has appointed for the consideration of the subject a financial commission, whose membership is such as to inspire confidence in the ultimate result of the measures of reform which it may recommend. The members of the commission are men of high financial standing and conspicuous ability, among them being Alonzo B. Hepburn, president of the Chase National Bank, who has had experience as comptroller of the currency and superintendent of banking in the State, and they will work in co-operation with the new superintendent of banks, Mr. Williams. The public may well wait with confidence the recommendations which this able commission will make to the Legislature. Why should not the vexed question of the tariff, as we have before suggested, be dealt with by a similar commission, appointed by the President in the same spirit?

EVERY capitalist, every labor unionist, and every member of that vastly greater but usually unconsidered class, the general public, should read the address on "The Adjustment of Labor Problems and the Policy of Incorporating Unions," delivered by Don C. Seitz, business manager of the New York *World*, before the recent trust conference at Chicago. It is one of the fairest presentations of the reciprocal duties of employer and employed which it has been our lot to see. Mr. Seitz declares his respect for the labor organization as a business institution, but expresses his belief that the unions are going far beyond reasonable business methods in arraying the relatively small number of organized workers against all other classes of the community. "When one set of men," he says, "bind themselves together and say that they will only work under certain conditions, involving not only hours and wages, but the manner in which they shall work, and the amount that they shall produce, they become something apart from the community, and, to an extent, a menace. Their motive is, of course, laudable in its beginning. They wish to better themselves. But it is not brotherly, and not patriotic. It is simply selfish. Being, therefore, a selfish effort, it should be regulated as such, and the labor unions should be compelled to put themselves in the attitude of the ancient guild and become a corporation." When corporations become lawless the law is able to reach out and take hold of them because of their incorporation, but the labor unions, while wishing to hold employers to responsibility for their acts, have almost unanimously opposed incorporation and its consequent responsibility. The inconsistency of such a position is too obvious to require argument.



# PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

NOTHING could be more fitting to the holiday season than the coming celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birthday of John Greenleaf Whittier.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, The poet of peace and good-will, the centenary of whose birth is soon to be celebrated.—Saxony.

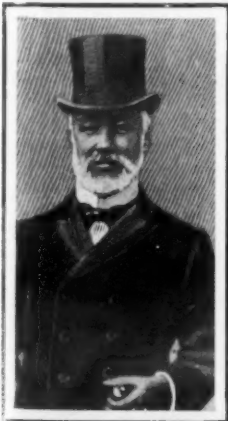
Mr. Whittier was the very embodiment of "peace and good-will toward men." One of the sweetest and most popular of American poets, with a worldwide fame, he was also one of the purest, kindest, and noblest of human beings. It is pleasant to know that on December 17th due honor will be done to his memory in many parts of the United States. Schools and literary societies throughout the country will probably take note of the day, and special exercises will be held both at his

birthplace in Haverhill, Mass., and at his home for many years in Amesbury, Mass., where prominent persons will participate in the proceedings. The press will also present estimates and eulogies of the great New England singer, and many persons will be incited to make, or to renew, acquaintance with his works. No writer ever had a more elevating influence on his readers than Mr. Whittier. While not the greatest of our minstrels, he was one of the most attractive and inspiring. He did not devote his life wholly to literature. He was a philanthropist, and a champion of many good causes. His sympathy went out to the oppressed and the needy in all lands. The record of his life and his books will be a power for good while this nation endures.

MRS. HETTY GREEN, America's richest woman, is the owner of considerable real estate in Boston. This includes a number of houses and stores. Mrs. Green occasionally makes a visit of inspection there to see that things are kept in good order, and is prone to express dissatisfaction with the work of persons whom she employs to clean and repair her houses. She has been known to get on her knees and scrub a dirty floor to show an inefficient scrub-woman how to do it properly. She sweeps out littered rooms and tidies up yards herself, rigidly bosses carpenters and plumbers, and compels them to perform their work well. Attired in shabby clothing, she makes no more presentable appearance than the poorest woman in her employ.

IT IS a curious fact that one of the rear-admirals of the Turkish navy is an American. The man chosen for this post by the Sultan is Commodore R. D. Bucknam, who was formerly a resident of Worcester, Mass., and who has followed the sea since boyhood. He once commanded one of John D. Rockefeller's steamers on the great lakes. After that he entered the service of the Cramp Construction Company and took the cruiser *Abdul Medjidieh* to Constantinople, just after its completion by the Cramps at Philadelphia.

JAPAN is fortunate in having as her minister of foreign affairs, at this time, the able and influential statesman, Count Tadasu Hayashi.



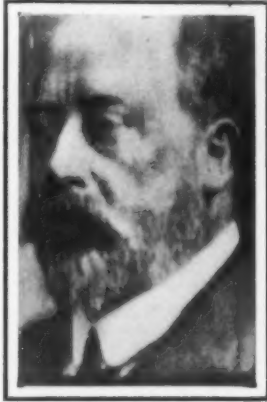
COUNT TADASU HAYASHI, Japanese minister of foreign affairs, who insists on peaceful relations with the United States.

He is a diplomatist of the first rank, and lately gave utterance to sentiments that are particularly worthy of being recalled at the season of the year when kindness and brotherhood especially prevail. Referring to the relations between his country and ours, Count Hayashi said: "The attitude assumed by the Japanese government, which, after all, is only a reflection of public sentiment, is that it is convinced that the cause of civilization, as well as community of interest, demands lasting peace and friendship between the two nations bordering upon the Pacific." These are golden words, and they deserve to be considered by every citizen of both the great nations to which they refer. The count has made the government of which he is a member strong and popular, and his attitude toward the United States will serve to strengthen the ties of friendship between his and our country. When a young man Count Hayashi spent some time at school in England. Subsequently he espoused the cause of the Shogunate in the great Japanese civil war, and after the defeat of his party was sent to prison for two years. After his release he began a career in the civil service, and showed so much ability and fitness that he was rapidly promoted. He became a trusted lieutenant of the late Count Mutsu, one of the greatest men that Japan has produced. He has been minister at Peking, at St. Petersburg, and at the court of St. James's.

THE HONOR of being the Federal employé longest in service belongs to William R. Smith, who has been superintendent of the Botanic Garden at Washington for fifty-five years. Mr. Smith is eighty years young, a Scotchman by birth, but very much of an American in sentiment. He lives in a little house in the middle of the congressional flower garden, and there famous men have been accustomed to gather, from year to year, to talk with him about the rare plants in the great glass houses on his little domain. He has many anecdotes to relate of the celebrated people whom he has met. Mr. Smith is over six feet tall and of stalwart proportions, and bids fair to continue an efficient servant of Uncle Sam for many years longer.

THAT sterling newspaper, the *Daily Mirror*, of London, lately celebrated its fourth birthday by installing a machine for telegraphing photographs.

The apparatus has been thoroughly tested and has proved very efficient and a great convenience to the journal it serves. Pictures of many kinds have been received by it over the wire from long distances and, everything considered, the reproductions have been remarkably successful. One of the best results was that obtained in the case of the portrait of King Edward VII. which was sent by telegraph and cable from the office of *L'Illustration* in Paris to the office of the *Mirror* in London. This



UNIQUE PICTURE OF KING EDWARD.

Portrait of the British sovereign as transmitted by telegraph and cable from Paris to London.

is the first photograph ever received by telegraph in England, and the first ever sent by cable from any point. A copy of this portrait as it was developed in the *Mirror* office has been furnished to LESLIE'S WEEKLY by the courteous editor of our London contemporary, and is herewith reproduced. While the photographs transmitted by this process lose some of their clearness and fineness, it must be remembered that the invention is still in its infancy. It will doubtless soon be perfected so that portraits may be sent by it without loss of distinctness. Even now the features are brought out so well that the subject is easily recognized. Any one looking on the face here depicted would realize at once that it was that of the British sovereign. In installing this machine the *Mirror* has shown itself to be one of the most enterprising of daily papers.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most conspicuous wedding of the year was that of Prince Charles of Bourbon and Princess Louise of Orleans, which took place recently at Wood Norton, Worcestershire, Eng., country seat of the bride's brother, the Duke of Orleans, pretender to the throne of France. The function was almost royal in impressiveness and splendor. There were present more than forty members of royal families, and there were four hundred other eminent guests, including diplomatists representing most of the nations of the globe. Among the latter were Whitelaw Reid, American ambassador to Great Britain, and Henry White, American ambassador to France. The King and Queen of Spain and the Queen of Portugal were prominent figures at the ceremonies. The wedding presents, which came from all parts of the world, aggregated in value nearly \$5,000,000, many of them being superb. The bridegroom belongs to the two Sicilies branch of the Bourbons, being a son of the late Comte de Caserta, and a grandson of King Ferdinand II. of Naples. This was his second marriage, his first wife having been a sister of the present King of Spain. The prince is a naturalized Spaniard. The bride is the youngest daughter of the late Comte de Paris, who fought in the Union army during the Civil War, and Louis Philippe, the "citizen" King of France, was her great-grandfather. The Queen of Portugal, the Duchess of Aosta, and the Princess of Guise, are her sisters.



THE PRINCIPALS IN A PRINCELY WEDDING. Prince Charles of Bourbon and Princess Louise of Orleans, who were lately married with great pomp.—Sketch.



OF EVEN more value to the world than his generous gifts for public purposes is the optimism which Mr. Andrew Carnegie feels and expresses.

A short time ago Mr. Carnegie celebrated his seventieth birthday, but he is so full of vigor and good spirits that he declared that he had no personal realization that he was so far advanced in years.

A day or two before he had played a lively golf game with a man much younger than he without becoming in the least fatigued. While Mr. Carnegie's excellent natural constitution and his careful habits of life are largely responsible for the fine condition in which he finds himself, his mental attitude toward the world also is to be credited with a large share of it. A hopeful, sunny disposition goes a great way in sustaining the physical powers, and that Mr. Carnegie is an optimist of the most pronounced kind is proved by his favorite and lifelong motto, "All is well since all grows better." Contrary to Dr. Osler's view, that a man reaches his highest usefulness at the age of forty, Mr. Carnegie maintains that at seventy a man can accomplish even more than at forty, his efficiency being increased by his greater experience. It is very evident that in his case this statement is true, and that for many years to come Mr. Carnegie will be an active factor in the world's affairs.



ANDREW CARNEGIE, Who at seventy declares that he is still youthful, and a pronounced optimist.—Hitzmann.

TO COMMAND a great ocean steamship is one of the highest honors that can befall a seaman. Captain Pritchard, the commander of the mammoth Cunarder *Mauretania*, has well earned the position which he now holds. He came to it by steps of well-merited promotion from a humble beginning. A native of Wales, he was left an orphan when a lad, and, obeying his mother's last wish, set out to become a sailor. At first he acted as cook on a small sailing-vessel, but in a couple of years he entered the maritime service proper. At the end of twelve years he was captain and part owner of a brig. Subsequently he made voyages to every part of the world. After twenty-one years of this life he entered the Cunard service, where he has been for twenty-eight years. He has commanded nearly every big Cunard vessel.

IN SPITE of the wide popularity of the Teddy bear, interest in dolls has not wholly died out. Attention is still attracted by what is said to be the most wonderful collection of dolls in the world, belonging to Princess Clementine of Belgium, youngest daughter of King Leopold. Among these are dolls from the ruins of Babylon, bone dolls from Greenland, a wooden one from Peru, a paper doll from India, and Greek dolls with wardrobes and dolls' houses that have furniture and dishes in them.

FOR MANY months an unsettled and somewhat serious condition of political affairs has existed in the little kingdom of Portugal.

Lately rumors of trouble there have been startling, the country having been represented as on the verge of a revolution. There have been stories of mutiny among the troops and naval sailors, and of riots in the streets of Lisbon involving the injury and death of many persons. Report had it, too, that the opponents of the government were sustained by the crown prince, and that he had in consequence been banished to a secluded spot by his incensed father. Whatever difficulty exists is due to the fact that Prime Minister Franco has attempted to govern the country without the aid of parliament, and after the manner of a dictator. The King, whose allowances have been largely increased by the premier, naturally has stood by the latter, and this has angered a large section of the population. The leaders of the opposition claim that the people are hostile to the royal dynasty, and desire the establishment of a republic. It is asserted that for years conditions in the public service have been scandalous and corrupt. The premier, however, declares that there has been no trouble and that the sensational reports have been set afloat by revengeful politicians, who have been deprived of "graft." Proof that the country has not been dangerously excited is found in the alleged appearance in public of King Carlos without a hostile demonstration. All Europe is watching the outcome of the discord with liveliest interest.



KING CARLOS OF PORTUGAL, Whose reign was said to be so unpopular that his subjects wanted to revolt.—Camacho.



# BORN TO BE NOBODY

By MAUD HARMON REED



NEVER did see anybody so persistently ugly as you are. You certainly are the disagreeablest yungun I ever came across. Always gettin' into somethin'; leastwise, you're always gettin' into somethin' at the wrong time—and when you ought to be gettin' into somethin', you never get. That's because you're so pesky lazy with the rest of your hundred faults. I know you. Run down hill, just because you're too tarnal lazy to hold back. Here I've been a-tryin' these twelve years to make somethin' of you, and look at you! What has it amounted to? I've been that patient that the hull neighborhood has been talkin' 'bout it. But you—you don't care no more 'bout what I say than's if I was one o' them old talkin'-machines. It's plain to be seen you're a fool—that's what you are; you ain't nobody, and you ain't born to be nobody, as I can see. I'd like to make a gentleman of you, that's what I would, but you'd as leave dig in the ditch as to munch a sweet apple, and a little ruther, I verily believe. Yes, you would, Nelson Larson; don't you open your mouth to tell me you wouldn't. Don't you dare!"

Ignoring this last remark, the boy bravely raised his big blue eyes and replied, with quiet earnestness:

"Well—somebody's got to dig in the ditch."

This was a sample of the conversation which took place between Nelson and his mother many times during the week—her attitude always one of injured pride, while his was one of firm and quiet endurance. This was her idea of patience with him, and was the direct road to the being of "somebody," if he would only permit of her impress. She little knew that the stinging words and blows with which she often emphasized her parental advice were written on his sensitive soul in letters of fire. His memory insisted upon cuddling all the unpleasantness his young life had known. One cannot walk across the freshly-fallen snow without leaving the footprints; thus did the lustre of Nelson's white conscience bear the scars of his mother's unkind words.

As each year added itself to his number, his world sorrow, caused by this unhappy relation at home, struggled to break the bonds that held it. There had been a gradual awakening to a sense of being wronged; a desire for independence, manifestations merely of his manhood asserting itself. Lately he had dwelt upon the idea of running away. This had first come to him on a bright Sunday afternoon in early spring as he lay on the branches of an old apple-tree and gave himself up to the sweet influence of the blossoms above and the gentle hum of the busy bees. Surely the world outside his own little town could hold nothing more cold and unresponsive than this unnatural mother.

The conversation related had taken place on the back piazza of their home in a small western New York village. After Nelson's quiet answer to his mother's burst of eloquence, she surveyed him for a brief minute, every feature expressive of hopelessness and disgust. The result was a sound slap upon the right cheek of her son; then, holding her head high with the air of one who had bestowed testimonials of both regard and superiority, Mrs. Larson swung herself around and disappeared into the house.

Nelson sat down upon the lower step, rested his flushed cheek upon his hand, and gave himself up to deep and silent thought. It did not take him long to weigh the matter. All his former questioning culminated in the decision that all his mother said of him was not true, and he was quite ready to prove it to her. Straightening his lithe little form, as if to shake off the weight of oppression, he walked away with determination in every step.

Some few hours later Mr. Wiggins, the proprietor of the store where Nelson had been employed as delivery boy for the past year, stopped at Mrs. Larson's and inquired if Nelson was ill, as he had not been to the store since dinner. Mrs. Larson expressed some surprise at his non-appearance, and stated that he had left the house at the usual time, and she supposed, of course, he had gone to his work. "It's all you can expect," she continued. "Can't depend upon him one cent's worth. He ought to be sent somewhere and made to mind. I was talkin' to his pa about it last night, and I've 'bout made up my mind we'll have to send him to that George Junior Republic, if he's ever to amount to a row of pins. Just as sure as we don't do somethin', and that somethin' pretty soon, he'll end up in jail, that's what he will. I can't do nothin' with him. I talk and talk and talk, and he pays no more attention to me than 's if I didn't know what I was talkin' about." Raising her eyes and hands upward, she added, hurriedly, with a pious whine, "Merciful

She stood some minutes at the door lost in wonderment, then, closing the door softly, went aimlessly back to her work.

All through the long, weary, anxious hours of the night no trace could be found of Nelson. He had disappeared as quickly and unnoticed as he would have had a big wind picked him up into the air and set him down in parts unknown. Not until the morning paper of the nearest city was distributed among its readers in Nelson's native village was any light shed upon his whereabouts, an item stating that a freight train had been wrecked the afternoon previous, a few miles out of the city, and among the injured was a small boy who had been stealing a ride. Some hours after having been taken to the hospital he had rallied enough to give his name as Nelson Larson and information regarding his residence, then had lapsed again into unconsciousness. Later a letter had been found in the pocket of his coat, stamped and ready for mailing, which read as follows:

"DEAR MA—I am terrible sorry to think I was so bad, or that you think I'm so bad. Mr. Wiggins thinks I'm good, so how am I to know what I am? You're my ma, and I suppose you ought to know, but some way I feel inside that Mr. Wiggins is right. It makes me feel just awful to have you say I ain't born to be nobody; so I'm going away, and see if I can't grow to be the big fine man Mr. Wiggins told me once I could be, then you will be glad I was born, won't you, ma? Every time I shut my eyes I always see 'ma sorry I was born.' I must have been a heap of trouble to make you say that every day. Anyway, I'm sorry, and I'll try to make up to you some day. Tell Mr. Wiggins I hope he can find a better boy than me. When I think the bad is getting out of me, I will write you again."

Your son,  
NELSON.  
P. S.—O O O O O Tell Little Tillie these round marks are kisses like grandma used to send, and she must kiss every one for me."

A messenger from the hospital was sent to Mrs. Larson with this letter and bearing the news of Nelson's condition.

"My land! there it is again—trouble all the hull time. What did they take him to the hospital for? My poor boy! Think they would have knowed enough to have sent him to his mother. It is a mother's love one needs when one's hurt. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do? Just suppose he'd die! Just suppose he'd die! Yes, Mrs. Wareham; if you will please help me get my things together—course I must go. I am most beside myself to think he has been this long without a mother's tender care."

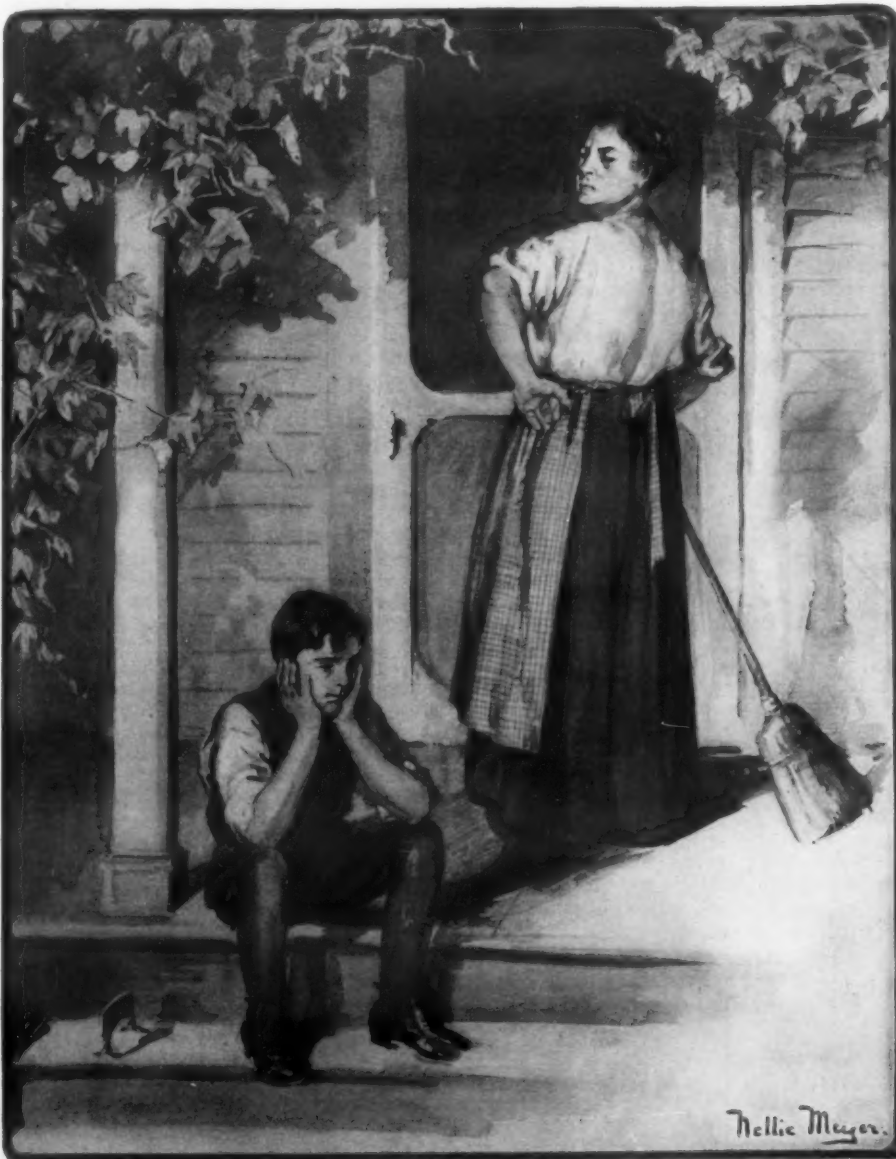
After a few exciting and busy moments, in which Mrs. Larson talked incessantly through sobs and tears of Nelson's many virtues, she was seated in the 'bus with the messenger on her way to the boy "who was born to be nobody."

Two long, weary months was Nelson an inmate of the hospital, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Larson had thought he needed only a mother's tender care. In very truth, he did need the mother-love for the healing of his poor little broken spirit, but

his dear little body was in such condition as to demand first attention. The doctors and the nurses had grown to love his sweet earnestness, and it was with mingled emotions of delight and regret that they saw him start for home on the day before Christmas. His recovery had been quite remarkable, the doctors felt, as there had been no apparent effect left from his serious injuries.

Christmas morning, while looking over his gifts with little Tillie, his mother impulsively drew him to her, and kissing the radiant little face, said, softly, "Oh, dearie boy, it ain't no use denyin' that the best Christmas gift for me is to have you strong and well and home again. The good Lord took mighty risky ways to show me I was wrong, but I know now I was. I am and always have been glad you were born a boy, but I didn't know what you meant to me. Now I know, but it's been terrible bitter learnin'."

Two little arms stole quickly about her neck, and as he held his soft cheek to her tear-stained face, he answered, bravely: "Never mind, ma, I'm all right—everything is all right—and it's Christmas morning."



"NELSON SAT DOWN UPON THE LOWER STEP AND GAVE HIMSELF UP TO THOUGHT."

goodness! I must have done a terrible bad thing some time to have such a disgraceful yungun as he is thrust upon me."

Mr. Wiggins surveyed her questioningly during this exaggerated harangue, while the injustice of it all bore down upon him.

"Why, Mrs. Larson, you don't mean disgraceful, surely. I have found Nelson upright and trustworthy in every way. Only this morning, by simple observation, he saved me fifteen dollars in a deal. He is unusually thoughtful for a boy of his years, and we have often remarked upon his brightness and ever-ready willingness to serve. I have grown much attached to him, and have become so interested in his possibilities that I remarked to my wife last evening that I would give five thousand dollars if I had a boy like him, and that I meant to stick by him and do whatever I could to perfect his manhood. Well, Mrs. Larson, if he returns soon, kindly ask him to drop into the store as soon as he can. I feel there must be some good reason for his absence. Good afternoon, Mrs. Larson."





## The Farmer's Christmas Eve

**T**HEY'RE coming home to-morrow morn,  
Our sons and daughters dear;  
Once more around the Christmas feast  
Their faces will appear.  
They're bringing all the babies, too,  
To sit upon my knee  
And make the big, old-fashioned rooms  
Re-echo with their glee.

**T**HE Christmas wreaths are on the  
wall;  
Those sprays of mistletoe  
Recall, dear wife, our courting days  
Some forty years ago.  
I seem to see you once again,  
The prettiest of girls,  
When first I kissed you underneath  
The bough of clustered pearls.

**T**HE parlor door is closely shut;  
An angel bright and fair  
Is keeping guard above a tree  
With fruit enchanted there.  
The pantry shelves are loaded down  
With every kind of cake,  
And pies of mince and pumpkin, such  
As only you can make.

**I**LL have to take the biggest sleigh  
The early train to meet,  
You'd better put a camp-stool in  
To make an extra seat;  
For there is Bob and John and Bess,  
And Mary, Jim, and Sue,  
And all the darling, dimpled, sweet  
Mischievous youngsters, too.

**P**UT up your knitting now, for, hark!  
The music of the bells  
Across the drifts of frozen snow  
In crystal cadence swells.  
Oh! don't you hear each silver tongue  
In joyous accents say:  
"Our boys and girls are coming home  
This merry Christmas Day?"

MINNA IRVING.





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DISPLAY THAT GLADDENED THE HEARTS OF TWO SMALL BOYS.  
*George E. Menkemoller, West Virginia.*



AN EASTER-LIKE CHRISTMAS-TREE.  
*M. H. Northend, Massachusetts.*



FEW FAMILIES CAN BOAST OF THIS—A CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION BY TRIPLETS.—*Mrs. J. Bernard, New York.*

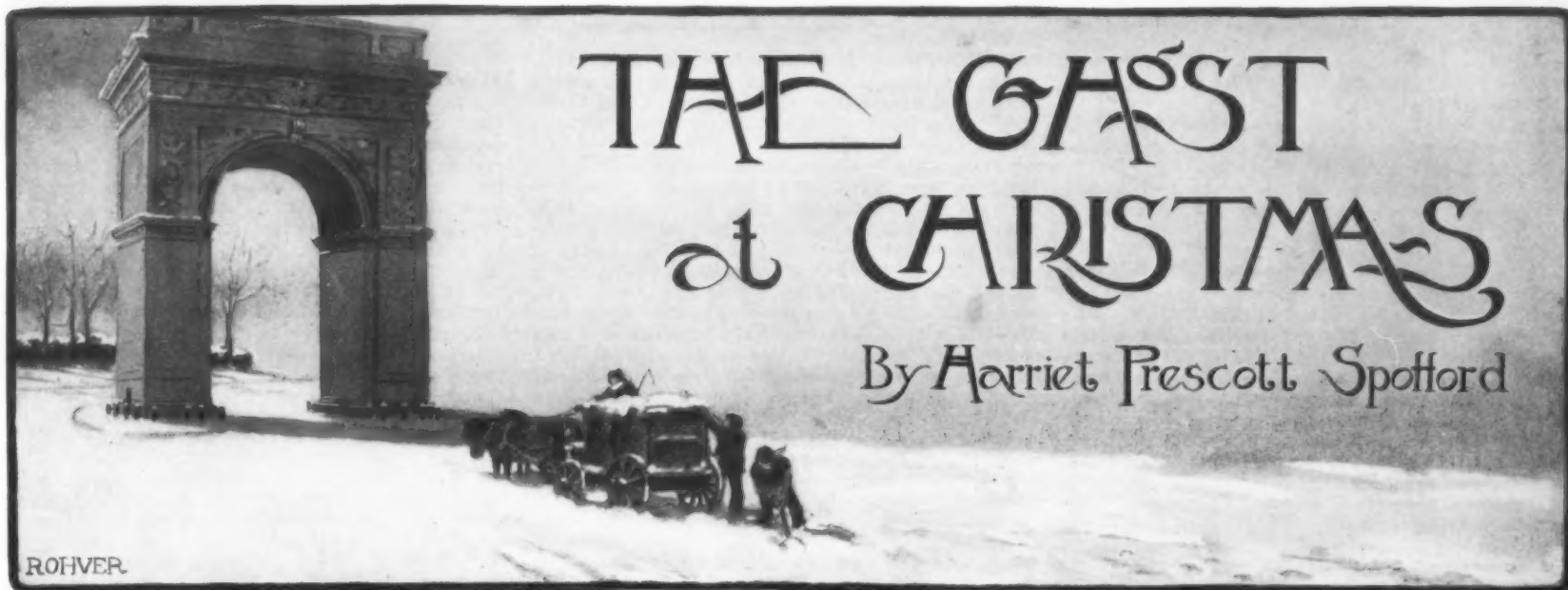


CHILDREN RECEIVING THEIR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS IN THE SUNNY COURT-YARD OF THE OLD PLAZA CHURCH IN LOS ANGELES.—*M. E. Raft, California.*



(PRIZE WINNER, \$10.) A PATIENT CHRISTMAS-EVE VIGIL—WATCHING FOR THE COMING OF SANTA CLAUS.—*Jean Hutchinson, New Jersey.*





# THE GUEST at CHRISTMAS

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

ROHVER.



THREE days the northeast storm had howled round the square. The old trees that at first thought it playful had at last found it terrible, while their boughs were broken and scattered over the drifts. As Mr. Miles, sitting in his private room, heard the tinkle of the bells of the great teams that were taking the snow away from the streets, "So much more of the city's money gone," he thought. "So much the bigger tax to pay."

Up stairs his niece, Emily, thought, "What bitter weather for those poor men to be up and out in, all night!" But just then the door-bell rang, and there was a stamping off of snow in the vestibule and the swish of Bridget's whisk, and then came, two or three stairs at a time, a step she loved; and as Allan opened the door she forgot all about storm and snow and everything but him.

"I thought he couldn't turn me out if I once got in, on such a night as this—and Christmas Eve, too," said Allan.

"Oh, and such a Christmas Eve as you make it by coming!" she exclaimed. "And I've half the mind to light the fire!"

"Make it a whole mind."

"You are perishing! I will." And presently the blaze was rolling up the chimney and shedding a rosy warmth over the room, that indeed needed it to be worth living in, bare and threadbare as it was, with only the remains of the few things Mrs. Miles had gathered before she went to prove the greater joys of another life. The sofa where Emily sat now with her lover, and whose cushions she herself had made from some of the old brocade gowns her aunt had when she married; some chairs she had covered with slips fashioned out of the dimities of the same wardrobe, a little work-table, a spindle-legged piano, a mirror, and two or three pale engravings on the wall—this made the meagre furnishing; and here Emily sat when she and Bridget had finished the household tasks, and polished her needle and wrote her daily note to Allan, and tried to forget that she was unhappy. For why should she be unhappy as long as Allan loved her? And now, with Allan beside her, a room far poorer and darker would have seemed a part of paradise.

It is true the years were passing; they were growing older; Allan might cease to love. Her beauty was of the sort which, under tenderness and care, would last a lifetime; under trouble and grief, would be fragile as a hot-house flower. They had been promised to each other for almost a half-dozen years, and still their marriage seemed as far off as ever. For, although Allan was her uncle's head man, yet the meagre salary he received was far too meagre for marriage, and old Miles, as he was known, held him by the bond of ancient kindness rendered by Mrs. Miles, in the days of her brief life, to Allan's mother. He had promised Mrs. Miles he would never forsake her husband, she knowing, by the intuition of love, that her husband needed some one devoted person about him.

Thus it had chanced that he had known Emily since her childhood, and had been in love with her since her girlhood. And then her uncle had discovered the affair, and, being resolved on adding money to money, had peremptorily put an end to it in forbidding Allan the house. "He might as well forbid me to breathe!" Allan had said at the time.

"Somehow, I would rather it were anywhere else," Emily had answered. "It is his house, you know."

"Why should we mind that when he is robbing us of our right every day—robbing us of years of happiness, by trying to keep us apart?"

Allan did not come to the house. The two met whenever it was possible, and often they walked together beyond the city bounds and out into the green fields.

"It is cruel," said Allan once, looking at her in her

green gown with the bunch of buttercups they had picked. "You are the very spirit of spring in that dress."

"I earned it myself with my needlework," she said, rather proudly. "And I made it myself! I think he knows it, but he doesn't say anything."

"When if he paid me what he should, what other confidential men in such positions expect, you might have all the gowns and everything on earth you want—except an automobile."

"Well, I don't want that. I only want a little home—one floor, perhaps—perhaps two rooms only—and to hear your step coming home to the dinner I shall have made ready—"

"And to hear the key turn in the lock that shuts us in and away from the world."

"And yet I don't know what uncle would do without me. Once in a while he comes up and looks at me in a long, strange way—I suppose it is because I look so like Aunt Alice. He loved her to death, as Bridget says."

"He doesn't seem to love you to death."

"But I am necessary, in a way, to his dull happiness."

"His happiness lies in cent per cent. In piling up money."

"What for?"

"Heaven only knows. The love of accumulation."

But that was at other and previous times. Tonight it was Christmas Eve, and by a sort of tacit consent they would say nothing unkind of the person who kept them apart. They would just gaze into the future and picture it to their hearts' content—she so fair, with the heaped-up masses of her yellow hair and the delicate contour of cheek and chin, all illumined and made rosy by the flashes of the fire; he so dark and spirited and tender, sitting there side by side, and sometimes in each other's arms, and making the most of the moment, keeping the next one, as far as they could, from casting its dreary shadow over them. The storm roared on the outside, and they felt the joy of what Emerson calls its tumultuous privacy. Well, to be young and well and in love—what greater happiness comes to any?

Down in the room he called his den, where no one was ever allowed to come save Bridget with broom and duster, and in his presence, Mr. Miles was sitting, hearing the tinkle of the bells of the teams, leaning back from his writing-table and the figures he had been manipulating. It was chilly; he rose and walked up and down the room. There was a handful of fire in the grate; but not for anything but money would he have put on more coal. The room was scrupulously clean; cleanliness was his one luxury. The white paint of the walls was spotless; what furniture there was had once been crimson, but the velvet was now faded to a silver gray with a suspicion of rose. You would have felt that he kept it choice for some hidden reason—he who cared nothing now for beauty, hardly anything for comfort.

And so he did. There on the walls, behind one of the long white panels, was a picture, the full-length portrait of his wife in her bloom; a scone, low on either side, held a couple of candles to throw their light upon it when the panel was pushed aside. Bridget, who had lived with him before his wife died, and ever since, was the only one who knew the picture was there. No one would have dared ask him what had become of the painting—a crusty manner, a cold exterior, hindered that. He kept it locked up like whatever there might be in the chambers of his heart.

As a rule, no one asked of him a favor any more than a question. He had never been known to grant any one a favor. Sometimes people called him old Miles, sometimes they called him old Miser. The newsboys never offered him a paper; the flower-girl never held out her carnations as he passed; the outstretched palm of the beggar dropped as he came along. He kept no holidays; he had no guests; he had no invitations; he went from his house to his counting-room, from his counting-room to his house, and to any outsider, taking note of them, his days would have seemed a dreary blank. Emily, bent over her needle, or sitting opposite him at the frugal table, often wondered

what pleasure he had in life, and found herself pitying him. He would not have thanked her for the pity; indeed, it would have irritated him bitterly. If fate had obliged him to search his heart and answer if there were any one in the world he loved, he would at once have answered yes—his wife's niece, Emily, who had come to them an orphan baby the year before his wife died. But because he had an affection for her there was no reason that he should spoil her by indulgences. Why had he taken care of her these twenty-five years if he did not love her?

But with all this there was one great and tender spot in his heart—the loss, the memory, the love of his wife, Alice. As he walked the floor now he paused and shoved the panel aside, and lighted the candles in the little sconces, taking care, however, to make one match light them all; and he turned off the gas from the drop-light where he had been working.

He stood a long while looking at the picture of the beautiful woman in her white draperies with the breast-knot of blue forget-me-nots; the tender eyes seemed to meet his own and follow them; the smile seemed to grow. He felt a little faint—the presentment of life was so real—and battling the storm on his way home had exhausted his strength. To be sure, he could have taken a cab, but it is the little foxes that spoil the grapes; that a cent spoils the face of a dollar was one of his favorite proverbs. Presently he went back to his desk and sat there, leaving the picture still uncovered. He leaned his arm on the table, supporting his head with his hand and shielding his eyes a moment. When he glanced up again a chill air seemed to surround him, and the lovely lady was moving gently forward from the picture frame, coming toward him, pausing just before him, and her eyes, like the depths of the purplest violets, shone serenely just above him, looking into his, and he heard a voice murmuring: "Perhaps you have forgotten me, Stephen."

"Never!" he cried. But as he spoke he was conscious of an emotion like awe.

"Are you quite sure?" And her voice had the old warm tone in it that had so often stirred his heart of old. "Do not have any fear," she said. "Am I not still your wife?"

"Ally! Am I quite sure? I don't know what you mean."

"I mean that you have forgotten our life together."

"I! I remember every day of it." "The day when we found a bird fallen in the snow as we walked, and you put it in your breast and warmed it back to life? Would you do it now?"

Perhaps he did not hear the question. "It was the day you confessed—" he murmured.

"That I loved you. You were tender-hearted then, Stephen."

"Ally—wife—"

"One morning, when we were strolling together again, we came across a child that was crying. She was lost. You carried her in your arms till we found her distracted mother, and the mother kissed your hands—and—"

"That was long ago."

"When you still were tender-hearted. I thought then what loveliness it was in you. I thought of one who took little children in His arms and blessed them. I told you so—"

"Yes, yes. But I cannot say—it seems as if that were some one else."

"Is it possible! Can you have so changed? Oh, no, it is still you; but dust and ashes have overlaid you. When we first plighted our troth—oh, dear troth!—and my father would not listen because you were poor, we said that if ever we had the fortunes of young people in our hands we would remember what the delay had cost us. Have you forgotten?"

"How could I forget?" he breathed hoarsely.

"And then to reach our end you began to save, and you saved and spared and went without; and I said it was noble, because you saved only for our coming life together. How is it now?"

"Why ask?"

"And then my poor father died; and my money



went into your business and doubled, and Emily came to us, and you welcomed her. At first a little interruption to our peace and joy, and then a joy herself, as much to you as to me."

"Yes."

"And then I left you. Perhaps had I stayed, I, too, should have become sordid—"

"Ally!"

"Was I really the wife of a man whose whole soul could become wrapped in piling one dollar on another, who is deaf to sorrow, blind to pity—"

"Stop, Ally! Stop, my—"

"But you have seen the sorrow of my little Emily for five long years, and it has not moved you. You see her in danger of losing all her bloom with her youth, of her lover wearying, and yet a little of this money of yours, given every year, so little that in your superfluity you would never feel it, money that is due him, would afford them the happiness that you knew yourself in the few short years of our life together. Just as many years as we were happy together have you kept them unhappy and apart—for the sake of these hoards of yours that are only the dust of the earth, that do you, that do no one else, any good, that are fairy gold after all. You are a rich man, are you not, Stephen?"

"Who says I am a rich man?"

"Are you not?"

"Yes," he said then, compelled by the gaze of the violet eyes. "Very rich."

"What joy does it give you, or what pleasure?"

"The pleasure of having and holding."

"You will leave it all when you go."

"It makes me shudder to think so."

"And why, for what purpose, do you gather, do you hoard? Why do you spend nothing of it—for yourself, even if not for others? Will it be any satisfaction in your grave that people say you have left so and so much money? Is it your ambition to have left the name of having put together so many and so many dollars? What is there more foolish, more childish, more sordid? If you had put together so many pebbles, so many bits of paper, so many snowflakes, it would signify the same to you, being dead. Oh, no; the man I loved was not a man of so low ambition and desire. Once he seemed to me all that is given to a man to be of good and beautiful and strong. Stephen! There is yet time—"

She came near. Her hand lay a moment on his head—a touch light as that of a butterfly's wing, but thrilling through and through him. Her voice, that had held a tone of infinite melancholy, took on a note of brighter, lighter, sweeter music—and she was gone.

When Mr. Miles stirred he was chilled through. The fire in the grate had gone out entirely; the room was as cold, he thought, as if a wind from the dead had blown through it. One of the candles in the sconces was just fluttering out its last flames; the lovely lady in the picture smiled there serenely and sweetly again. "I have seen a ghost," said Mr. Miles. But he left the panel as it was. And if for a moment or two he knelt there in a prayer that went up from his soul, there were none but the all-seeing eyes to see, none but the all-pitying heart to answer.

Allan and Emily up in the drawing-room, with the light of the gay flames leaping about the room, could not help trembling the least in the world as they heard a heavy and familiar step creaking on the stairs, and still more when the drawing-room door was thrown open and Mr. Miles came in.

"A merry Christmas to you, children," he said. And the words startled them more than any bitter exclamations would have done. He went forward and stood a moment in front of the fire warming himself, and looking at them with something like a smile on his face.

"Since I heard you come in, some little while ago," he said, "I have been thinking, Allan, that you know the details of my business pretty well."

"Yes, sir. That is, I think so," said Allan, when he found his voice.

"Then I should like to have you come into the firm, at the beginning of the year. And in that case, I don't see that anything stands in the way of your marriage, if you and Emily are still of one mind," he said, looking about him blandly.

"Oh, uncle!" cried Emily. And in another instant she had run and thrown herself into his arms.

"There, there," he said, clasping her and smoothing the silky tumbled hair. "And then," he continued, hesitatingly, "perhaps you will like to stay on here with me. The house is big enough—and empty enough, God knows! I won't trouble you much. You shall have all the young people you want about you. I shall like it. I think I shall like it. And we'll have some new furnishings. I think we'll promote Bridget, and have some new maids and a couple of men, and live like Christians. What do you say to that, little girl?"

"Oh, uncle!" she sobbed. "I always knew you would!" And hiding her eyes in his coat she held out

of the midwinter month of the Jewish calendar, has a character of rejoicing that makes it akin to the Christian holiday. It commemorates the victory of the Maccabees over the Syrians and the re-dedication of the Temple, but its observance has come to take the form, in the main, of a children's festival, as Christmas does, and Dr. Hirsch says that the custom of decorating Christmas-trees with candles was borrowed from the Jewish usage in the celebration of Hanukah.

While asserting that "the Christmas sentiment of 'good-will to men' is certainly an echo of the convictions and aspirations which the Jewish festival of lights emphasizes," and believing that sooner or later the two festivals will be celebrated on the same day, Dr. Hirsch calls attention to the shameful fact that even now, in some parts of Europe—particularly in Russia—Christmas is a day on which fanatical mobs are prone to attack their Jewish neighbors. "The Jew cannot rejoice," he says, "nor sing of good-will, when he knows that the day of his joy has been and is the day of his helpless brothers' trembling and anxiety and agony. In this country, the Jew rejoices that the Christmas sentiment is speedily and beautifully progressing toward realization in action. And when he sees the lights leap into glory in his neighbors' homes he breathes forth a fervent prayer for their happiness. He gladly contributes his part to the happiness of his friends, and such as share with him the hospitality of his domestic hearth, but are not of his religious fraternity. For himself and his own, however, as yet he prefers to wait."

### Toys More than 2,000 Years Old.

THE famous British Museum in London contains a notable collection of Greek and Roman nursery toys which show that the needs of children for playthings were as sedulously catered to more than two thousand years ago as at the present day. Some of the exhibits appear so modern that they might have been made only recently, and many of them would prove to most little ones very acceptable as Christmas gifts. Among other things, this miniature exhibition comprises a leaden chariot with two prancing horses, possibly an inch and a half high, and leaden horsemen cut out of a thin sheet of metal; a tiny leaden chair; a sofa made of brown glazed ware, strong and solid, three or four inches in length, with a back and arms of an imitation rolled pattern, and capable of seating two or three dolls; and a model of a woman kneading a cake or a roll, pinned by the top of her skirts to her pastry board, her arms jointed, and able to move

her rolling-pin (unfortunately lost) up and down the board. There are also two or three different specimens of rattles; one of a rather elegant description, a mixture between an owl and an amphora, which would probably do nicely for a girl; another, heavier and more masculine, modeled into a hollow pig. Besides these there are mugs to hold milk and water, painted with figures of children, generally crawling for an apple or an orange on the floor, and in one case with a picture of a boy and a girl teaching a dog to jump through a hoop.

### When Sleep Fails,

TAKE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

HALF a teaspoonful in half a glass of water just before retiring quiets the nerves and brings refreshing sleep. Nourishes and strengthens the entire body.

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THE merits of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) are convenience, economy, purity. Use it in all recipes calling for milk or cream. In this product the natural milk flavor is retained. Suitable for fruits, cereals, tea and coffee.



"THE LOVELY LADY WAS MOVING GENTLY FORWARD TOWARD HIM."

a hand blindly to Allan. And as the three stood there, they heard the chimes of Christmas Eve pouring out their music in fitful melody upon the stormy gusts.

"The Christmas bells," said Mr. Miles. "Christmas Eve. I can't give you a better Christmas present, Allan, than this little girl. And you have proved your faithfulness and your desert. So we won't wait any longer. We'll have a wedding to-morrow, storm or no storm."

But long after the happy lovers had separated and said good-night for the last time, half-dazed by their sudden joy, the old man sat by the slowly-dying fire where he had heaped the logs; and now and then he said a prayer, and now and then he murmured, "It shall be all right. Beautiful ghost, dear ghost!"

### The Jew and the Christmas Spirit.

SO MANY Jews now observe Christmas Day to the extent of exchanging gifts that the remarks of Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch, of Chicago, on what the Jew celebrates at the Christmas season have a peculiar interest. He points out the fact that Hanukah, the Jewish feast of lights, occurring on the twenty-fifth day



# THE ADVENTURES OF A CHRISTMAS UMBRELLA

By ORVILLE GUY VICTOR

YOU MAY not believe it, but once I was as slender, straight, and handsome as any umbrella in the world, in spite of my headless condition and battered sides and broken ribs. And that was not such a great while ago, either—only five or six years. But a great deal may happen in five or six years. In that time I have seen a deal of storm and sunshine, too, a good deal of love and a good deal of hate, and a good deal of honesty and a good deal of dishonesty. Yes; I have witnessed some queer adventures, and have taken part in them, too; and although I am only a battered old cripple now, headless and shabby, not even fit for display in a second-hand store, my memory is as good as ever.

It is hardly six years since I was first placed on exhibition in the window of a store fronting on Madison Square, New York. There were many others with me, all masterpieces of the umbrella-maker's art; but I knew, by the admiring glances cast at me and the flattering remarks about my beauty, that I was by far the finest of them all. In fact, the price at which I was held by the store-keeper was so high that it was fully six weeks after I was placed in the window that he secured a purchaser for me, although many a customer had held me in his hands, gazing wistfully at my golden head, my smooth, silk covering, and my slender, tapering form; but always, in the end, had handed me back to the store-keeper with a regretful sigh, saying: "It is very beautiful, but I cannot afford it."

One day, however, there entered the store a fine-looking old gentleman, with a prominent nose, a jolly, rubicund face ornamented with side-whiskers of the "mutton-chop" variety, a protuberant abdomen covered with a white waistcoat, from which dangled an enormous old-fashioned watch-fob. He was accompanied by a fair young girl, whose rose-tinted cheek nestled affectionately against the



"HE LIFTED ME TENDERLY FROM THE CASE."

ermine that surrounded her throat like the arm of a jealous lover. She it was who first caught sight of me and cried: "Oh, papa! there is a love of an umbrella. You must buy that one for me."

"But," the old gentleman replied, "that is not a lady's umbrella, my dear."

"I know that," returned the lovely creature; "but you know that I want it as a Christmas present for—"

and she blushed most divinely.

"Oh!" answered papa;

"so that's what you brought me in here for, is it? Well, I suppose you must have your own way." And forthwith he ordered me "done up," without even stopping to inquire my price.

"But," interposed the store-keeper, "such a handsome umbrella should be placed in a case, don't you think? We have some very nice ones here, with silver plates on the outside to engrave the owners' names upon."

"Oh, yes!" cried the girl; "of course we want a case—the best one you have." And the old gentleman smiled and took out his pocket-book.

So I was laid in a long, slim case, upon a velvet bed; then, just as I was thinking how deliciously soft and nice it was—click! the cover was shut down and I was in the dark, and almost smothered. I must have become unconscious, I think, for the next I remember I was in a beautiful room; a thousand times more beautiful than the store in which I had been displayed. I was still in the leather case, lying upon the velvet bed; but the cover was open, and the young lady and several other persons were looking at me.

"Isn't it a beauty?" I heard some one say; and another voice replied: "Yes, indeed; it seems almost too nice to get wet."

"To get wet!" I thought to myself; "and why should I get wet?" For I did not know then the use for which I was designed; you see, in my foolish pride I thought I was just made for ornament. Little, indeed, did I think that I would ever be the means of saving a man's life.

Well, after that, I was carried down stairs, case and all, and was placed on a table in another beautiful room. There was a great green tree in this room, all hung with glittering little balls of many colors, and bright shining bits of tinsel, and long strings of something which the children called popcorn. And there was music in the room, and soft lights, and every one seemed to be in the happiest of humors. Just then everything grew suddenly dark, and while I was wondering what it was all about, the tree in the centre of the room burst into a blaze of light, and I saw that it was hung with hundreds of tiny electric lamps—red, white, blue, yellow, green, and other colors. The children cried out with surprise and delight at the pretty sight, and I tried to join in the acclamation.

Pretty soon the young girl of whom I have spoken came toward me and lifted me, case and all, from the table and handed me to a tall, handsome young man, saying, "This is my Christmas present to you, Winthrop." I couldn't hear what he said in reply because the children were making such a noise, and he spoke very low, but I could see that his eyes shone with joy, and I felt sure that he was greatly pleased with me. Then he said something about "a sweeter present," and "mistletoe"; but the girl only laughed and blushed, dimpling in the most charming manner, and then she darted to the other side of the room, where the old gentleman was.

Not long after, the cover was suddenly snapped down on me, and I was again in the dark. Every time that happened I seem to have lost consciousness, but I always regained my senses when the cover was lifted, so I suppose it never did me any harm. When I came to next I was in still another room, not nearly so luxurious in its appointments as the last. The only persons present were the young man whom the girl had called "Winthrop," and another who, I soon learned, was the servant of the former.

"I want you to pack my grips, Wilson," said the new owner, "and take them to the Grand Central station in time to meet me at the 1.45 train. I am going to Chicago, and want you to accompany me." "Very well, sir," returned the other; "shall I take the new umbrella, sir?" "No, Wilson," was the reply; "I will take that myself," and when Wilson's back was turned the young man lifted me tenderly from the case and actually kissed me.

It was not long before my owner was in a carriage, and I was leaning up against his knee. He had left my case in his room, and I never saw it from that day to this. When he alighted from the carriage he gripped me firmly in his hand, and we entered a great building in which there were hundreds of people hastening in different directions, while a man at the far end kept bawling out in stentorian tones some sort of singsong announcement. Wilson met us there, and we all went through a great gate and then through a little narrow one and got aboard a train.

We rode for hours and hours, stopping several times on the way. By and by it grew dark, and a black man with white clothes came into the car and began making the seats up into funny little uncomfortable bedrooms. My owner said something about having a "smoke," and went into a compartment at the end of the car, leaving me by myself. After a while my owner came back, and the first thing he did was to feel around for me, and would you believe it, he took me into bed with him, under the blankets. I guess maybe he was afraid, too, that the black man might carry me away. I never got such care from any one else as that young man gave me, but even he grew careless, as you will see.

The next morning we reached Chicago, and once more I accompanied my owner in a carriage. This

time we went to a grand hotel, and I was placed in a little bit of a room, with more than a hundred other umbrellas, and each one had a little brass tag attached to it by a leather strap. I had one, too, but I knew that I was better looking than any other umbrella there. I could see the other umbrellas looking at me enviously, but I just stood up straight and stiff and paid no attention to them.

I remained in that little room several days and nights. Then, one morning, the tag was taken from me and I was handed out to Wilson, who presently met his master, and before I knew it we were on board another train and speeding away again. From the conversation between the two I surmised that we were on our way back to New York, and I was glad, for somehow I thought that I should like to see again the young lady who had given me to my owner. But that wish was never realized.

When we came to a place called Buffalo we all got off the train and went to another hotel, not so grand nor large as the one in Chicago, but quite nice, and, I believe, quite as high-priced. When we went into the hotel my owner had me in his hand, and he went into a little dark booth and began to talk into a queer little tube. He put me down beside him, and I heard the words: "Hello!" and "New York," and "my darling," and some other things I could not understand; then he said "Good-bye," and went out of the booth, leaving me all alone in the dark. I never will believe that he meant to desert me. But I suppose his head was full of business, or love, and so he forgot me.

In a few minutes another man entered the booth, and he, too, began to talk through the little tube. All of a sudden he put his hand on me, and said: "Hello! what's this? An umbrella, I declare! Well, I'm in luck. This feels like a good one." And when he got through talking through the tube he took me out into the light and hurried away with me as if he had important business on hand. Just as we went out the door we met Wilson coming in, all breathless, as if he had been running. I wondered if he was looking for me; but I couldn't attract his attention, and the new man held me close, so we never met again.

My new owner took me on a train, from which we alighted after riding several hours, and I never learned the name of the city where we stopped. We went into a big building and entered a little square car, which suddenly shot up to a great height. Then it stopped, and we got out and entered an office, and the man placed me in a big jar that stood near a desk. That evening he took me home with him and exhibited me to his wife. The very next day the lady took me out with her. Up to this time I had never gotten wet, for it seems I had not been put to my legitimate use. But that day it was raining, and as soon as the lady got out of the house she said: "How fortunate that James brought this umbrella home last night. It's a darling, too. I wonder how he could afford it." Then she opened me and held me above her head.

For a few minutes I thought I would drown, for the rain came down in torrents. But I soon found that



"I WANT IT AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT."



"MY LATEST OWNER WAS A FRENCHMAN."



"WE WENT THROUGH THE RAIN TO HIS CARRIAGE."



it ran harmlessly off my sleek sides, and after that I rather enjoyed the sensation. I knew, too, that I was keeping the water from the lady's nice hat, and I was really glad to be of some use. She soon boarded a street-car and rode quite a distance. When she got out she entered a house where there were a number of people, most of them women, all talking and laughing at the same time, so that it was impossible to distinguish what any one was saying.

I was placed in a rack in the hall, and presently an elderly man, tall and distinguished-looking, came out. He was accompanied by a woman, very handsome, who did not seem to be afraid of catching cold, judging by the way she was dressed, and who said: "Well, *au revoir*, bishop. I am so glad that you honored us with a call. We shall be sure to hear you preach next Sunday." And the bishop came right up to me and picked me up, saying, "*Au revoir*, my dear Mrs. Fashion; I shall look for you on Sunday," and away we went through the rain to his carriage. I have often wondered what the other lady did when she went to go home and found me missing. Probably she helped herself, as the bishop had done, but I know she didn't get as good a bargain as he did.

I had been an inmate of the bishop's house for a long time, and had been used by all the various members of his family, sometimes as a *regenschirm*, or "rain-shield," as the Germans say, and sometimes as a sunshade; when finally, one day, there was a great hurrying and scurrying among the servants and the members of the family, and I learned that I was about to start on a trip to Europe.

But I was destined never to see the shores of Europe. To New York we went; but in the hurry and bustle of departure I was once more left alone, this time on the train. And by and by a man in uniform came along and took me into the station, where I was tagged again and put into a closet with a lot of other umbrellas and canes and grips and baskets and

all sorts of things. And there I stayed for months and months, until one day we were all taken out. I saw a crowd of people, and heard a man crying, "Who'll bid a dollar? a dollar? a dollar? Thank you, sir; do I hear the two? and a half, and a half, and a half—going for a dollar and a half—going, once, twice, and thrice—gone! Sold for a dollar and a half to that lady there with the picture hat."

So there I was with a new owner, and glad enough I was to get out into the light again after those weary months in the "lost-and-found" department of the railway station. To be sure, I was mortified to think that I had been sold for a dollar and a half—I, once the pride of a Broadway shop, whose original price was thirty dollars. But my wounded feelings were assuaged when the woman who had bought me said to her companion, "Isn't it a love, Edwin? and worth twenty dollars if it's worth a cent."

I soon found out that the person who had bought me belonged to what is known on the Rialto as "the profession," and many an interesting scene did I witness in her dressing-room. Sometimes, in fact, she carried me on the stage as part of her "costume," and, let me tell you, I felt proud of the applause lavished upon us. But one night "Edwin" took me, unbeknownst to the "lady," and hid himself to the precincts of lower Sixth Avenue, where he took me into a dreadfully dingy little shop with three gilded balls over the door. He had quite an animated discussion with a man behind the counter, who seemed to do most of his talking with his hands; then a five-dollar bill changed hands, and I was put upon a dusty shelf.

I had lain there several weeks, when one day there entered an individual dressed in a long frock coat, with striped trousers, carefully creased, a high silk hat, rather the worse for wear, and a red rose in his button-hole. His mustaches were curiously waxed at the ends, and he used his hands in talking almost as much as did the proprietor of the shop. I soon discovered that I was the object of discussion, and presently I once more had a new owner, and went forth with him in search of new adventure.

And we found it. Do you see that long scar on my side there, deftly mended with cunning "stitches"? Well, it turned out that my latest owner was a Frenchman, who had come to New York to avoid the consequence of a little "affair of honor" in which he had been involved in "la belle Parée." And one night when we were in one of those foreign wine-shops not far from Washington Square, he was suddenly attacked by another man, dressed just like himself, who made a vicious thrust at him with a sword which he had snatched from the wall, where it hung as an ornament. But my owner dexterously avoided the thrust, and, seizing me as if I were an instrument of defense, he parried the lunges of the other neatly with my aid; then, finally, with one tremendous upward stroke, dis-

armed his opponent, sending the sword flying over his head. I expected to see murder done, for the excitement in the room was great; but what was my surprise when my owner let me fall unheeded to the floor, clasped his late antagonist in an affectionate embrace, and presently they were swearing eternal friendship over a bottle of *vin ordinaire*.

It was not until we got home that night—or early the next morning—that it was discovered that I had suffered a grievous wound in my side, where my once immaculate silken covering had come in contact with the edge of that cruel sword. Madame, the Frenchman's wife, carefully mended me. Yet I never got over the disgrace of having participated in a bar-room brawl. True, I had done my part well, and

had doubtless saved the life of my owner; but I was never the same after that, and cared but little when madame traded me one day to a peddler in return for certain pieces of shining tinware. The peddler in turn sold me to a second-hand dealer whose store adjoins the Bowery, and whose avaricious eyes lighted with joy as he "hefted" my handle. Quickly he gave the peddler the half-dollar demanded, and no sooner was the other gone than my new purchaser cried: "Rachel, come kvick, undt bring de bottle of acid mit you."

At the words a slatternly woman came from the rear room, in her hand a

tiny bottle, which the man grasped and uncorked, letting a few drops of the contents fall upon my now tarnished handle. The fiery stuff seemed to burn into my very ribs, but the man cried, exultingly: "I toldt you so! It iss goldt, goot goldt!" And without more ado he wrenched from me my handle, the last shred of my respectability, and threw me amongst a heap of rubbish on the floor. A few days later I was carted away by a junkman, who said my steel ribs were still of value; and here I am, wondering what will be the next turn—for better or for worse—in my varied career.



"SOMETIMES SHE CARRIED ME ON THE STAGE."



"THE PEDDLER SOLD ME TO A SECOND-HAND DEALER."



OLD SANTA TAKES A NAP BEFORE HIS CHRISTMAS EVE JOURNEY.



THE LITTLE FOLKS GET ANXIOUS AND RING HIM UP.



SANTA SAYS "ALL RIGHT; WILL BE ALONG BY MIDNIGHT, SHARP."



HE LOADS THE TREE OUT OF HIS BIG PACK.



THE YOUNGSTERS SURPRISE SANTA AND HEAR A STORY.

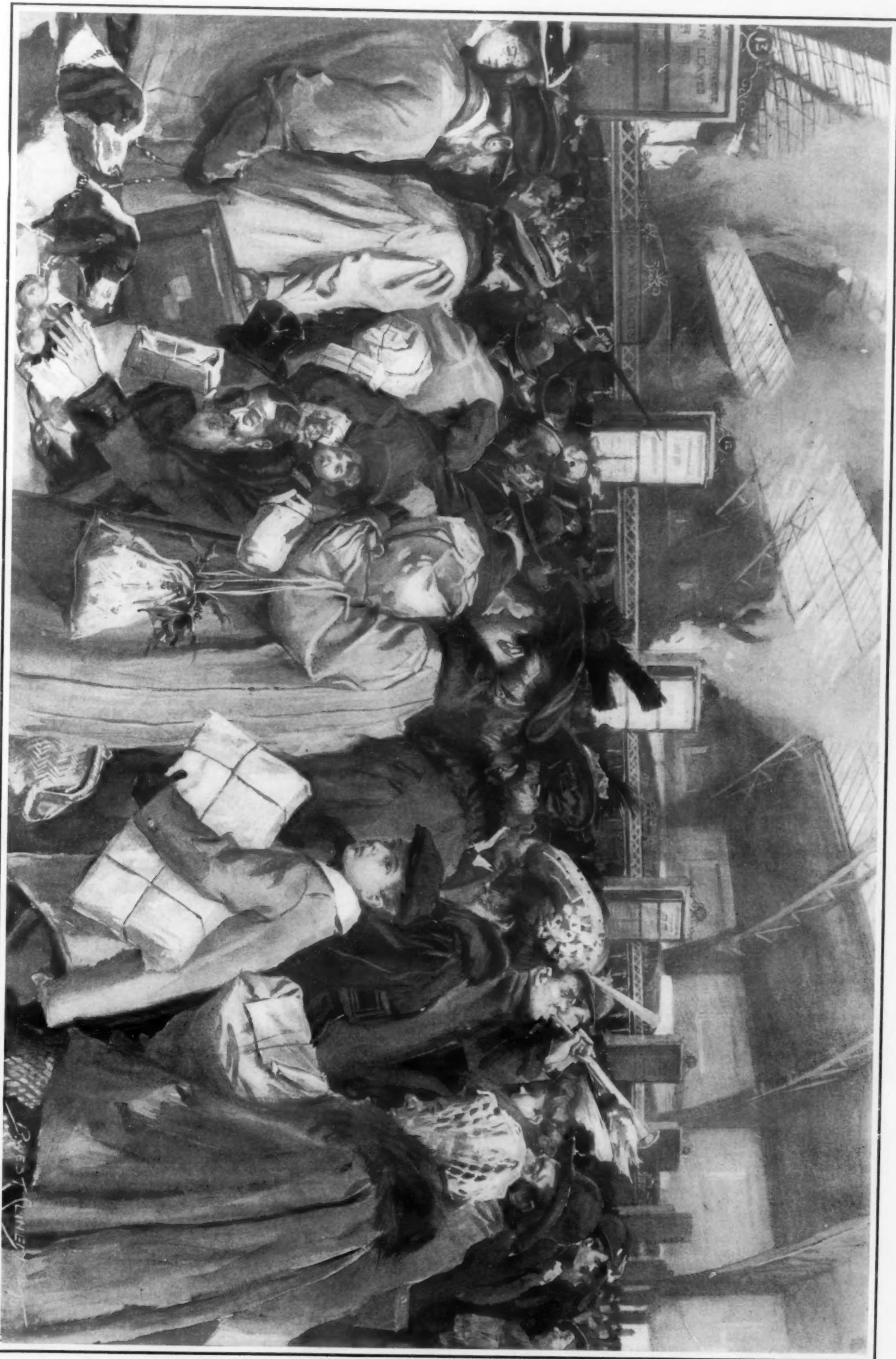


BUT THERE ARE OTHER CHILDREN WAITING AND SANTA GOES.

## SANTA CLAUS'S VISIT TO A HAPPY HOME

Photographs by Mary H. Northend.





THE RACE FOR MAKING CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

CRUSH OF HOME-GOING SHOPPERS, LADEN WITH PARCELS, ON THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AT THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK.  
*Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by B. West Chinensis.*





# HOW ARCHIBALD III GOT EVEN with SANTA CLAUS

ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER PLATT III. opened his eyes upon a dark, damp, dismal, disagreeable morning. He stretched his arms and sighed a sigh of drowsiness, of care-free unconcern, born of his recent quasi-comatose condition. Suddenly he sat up in bed. "Gee, whiz!" he said. Then, as from some catapult, he bounded swiftly, lightly, from his bed and landed on his feet in the middle of the floor. "Gee, but I forgot!" he whispered to himself.

He remembered swiftly this thing he had forgotten. There were things to help his memory—the fat, bulging stocking hanging patiently from the foot of his brass bedstead; the cornucopias dangling from the chandelier. "Gee, but I forgot," he whispered once again; "this is Christmas, isn't it?" He plunged from words to action. It was cold. Seizing a blanket from his bed, he wound it about his neck, permitting it to trail behind; shivering, he stole from the room and crept down stairs. In less than thirty seconds he was in the library below.

It was Christmas all right. There was the tree, there was the flexible flyer, there was the summer coaster, there were books, paints, building blocks; there was a writing-desk; there was the miniature typewriter; there was—but why enumerate. He was Archibald Alexander Platt III., and Christmas Day had come. That invariably meant that the choicest contents of the Manhattan Borough stores were dumped in profusion at the feet of Archibald. It was Christmas, but you couldn't tell it by the gloom without. No, nor by the gloom that sat upon the brow of Archibald.

"Well, thunderation!" exclaimed Archibald, after an inspection of every nook and cranny, "if the old duck didn't turn me down. Where is that motorcycle?"

Echo answered "Where?" The motorcycle was conspicuous only by its absence. Archibald scratched his head and thought about it. Yes, it was an intentional slap in the face on the part of the old duck. The old duck certainly had turned him down. There was no mistake about it. Archibald thought at first that the chimney must be too small, but the tree, and the desk, and the coaster, and the flyer had come down all right. The old duck had revoked, that was sure.

"Well," commented Archibald, "if he hasn't got the nerve not to bring me that motorcycle of mine."

Yes, he felt justified in calling it *his*. Hadn't it stared at him from the daily papers, from the advertising pages of magazines, from bill-boards, from New York store windows? Even now he rushed to the table and tore open a periodical and turned without uncertainty to the very page. There it was, in print at least:

MUNSTERBERG & CO.'S MOTORCYCLE, JUNIOR.  
Any child can work it.  
Burns kerosene.  
No odor.  
No danger.  
Absolutely safe.

There was its photograph. Absolutely safe—any child can run it. Why, sure. He had run one himself in a New York store. He and Cutty Wortman had looked at them and priced them, and the people in the store had shown them how, and had let him run one. They hadn't let Cutty Wortman run it, probably on account of Cutty's clothes, which were queer,

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

but—kerosene, odor, danger—it was a cinch. And the old duck had turned him down.

Grumbling softly, Archibald crept back to his room and went to bed. "All right, I'll go to sleep," he said savagely to himself. He did so, and for the first time in Archibald's conscious Christmas career the Platt family had to waken him that morn for breakfast.

"Did you like your presents, Archibald?" they asked pleasantly, after breakfast.

Archibald answered that question by asking another. "When will that motorcycle come?" he queried. Archibald's family explained. There were various reasons why Kriss Kringle hadn't seen fit, in all probability, to fetch it this Christmas. Archibald must remember he was a very little boy.

Well, the explanation didn't explain. Archibald drew on his cap and pulled on his coat. "I'm going down to Cutty Wortman's," he announced, turning his back upon the Christmas room; "he'll have one, I'll bet. The old duck wouldn't turn him down. Not Cutty."

He went to Cutty's. Cutty lived in a queer place. You had to go right down into the centre of town, and then cut through three or four alleys, and then, suddenly, there was Cutty's. Cutty and his mother lived in three rooms.

"You're a queer lot," Archibald once had told Cutty. "We got about twenty rooms in our place, and you and your old woman like it in three. Well, have your own way about it." And Cutty and his mother did have their own way about it. They kept on living in three just the same. Archibald didn't think much of Cutty's mother. She was thin and scrawny, and Archibald had a decided preference for ladies who were fat. And Cutty's mother certainly didn't know how to dress. But Cutty—ah! Cutty was the real goods. There was no doubt about that. Archibald had spelled out "The Prince and the Pauper," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and others like them, but there wasn't one among 'em who could stand up along-



"HE AND CUTTY WORTMAN HAD LOOKED AT THEM AND PRICED THEM."

side of Cutty Wortman. He was—well, he was Archibald's friend.

"Let me see your motorcycle," commanded Archibald, appearing suddenly in the first of the three rooms.

But Cutty Wortman didn't even have the smell of a motorcycle, junior. He had a pair of mittens, a thirty-five-cent belly-gutter sled, a new kitten washed to within an inch of its life, with a red cotton ribbon tied about its neck, and a liberal allowance of ten-cent candy. But no motorcycle, junior.

"Well," sighed Archibald, "the old duck certainly did us dirt."

"Cutty wasn't expecting any motorcycle—were you, Cutty?" said Cutty's mother.

"No," said Cutty, feebly.

"You're a liar!" returned Archibald, with vigor, to Cutty. "We were both expectin' 'em. I was and Cutty was. He told me so himself. The blamed old duck!"

But Archibald did not languish long. In his bright lexicon there was but one word—or, rather, two—"Motorcycle, Junior."

"By George," he told Cutty, "next Christmas we'll land 'em! See if we don't."

Cutty, whose Christmas horizon was never filled with gifts costing more than one dollar, queried, interestedly, how in time was Archie going to do it? Archie replied, emphatically, that he was going to shake the old duck for good, after this.

"We'll earn these motorcycles," he announced; "we'll earn 'em. See?"

"How we goin' to earn 'em?" queried Cutty.

"They cost seventy-five bones, they do. We gotta go to school. And as for vacations—gee! there's ten boys now to every job. I got a job shellin' string beans last summer at a dollar a month, and there was eleven young guys waitin' every night to put me out o' business, so's one of 'em could get the job. I had to lick 'em all," said Cutty Wortman.

"We're not goin' to wait for summer to earn these motorcycles. We're goin' to start in right now," quoth Archibald. Being pressed for details, he furnished a bill of particulars.

"You do jobs for your mother and I'll do jobs for my mother. We'll keep the rooms straight and we'll shake out the door-mats—"

"The what?" asked Cutty.

"The door-mats. And we'll keep all the beds smooth and the counterpanes clean—"

"The what?" asked Cutty.

"Counterpanes, quilts—those silk and pink and white and flowery things you have over beds."

"Oh," assented Cutty.

"We'll help clean the solid silver for our mothers—we'll get some jeweler's saw-dust and clean up the diamond rings—" Cutty listened. "We'll clean our teeth three times a day." Cutty now sighed with relief. "Sure," he assented, "clean our teeth. We can do that all O. K. And our hands."

"Hands!" snorted Archibald; "what's the use o' that? They'll get dirty right away again—but," he continued, "we can make the money all O. K. We'll both start in to-day. We—we'll run a race. We'll see which can earn seventy-five dollars first from his own mother. That's the ticket."

"Well, I can clean my teeth all right," sighed Cutty Wortman.

"Anyways," said Archibald, "come in the house and see what the old duck did bring me, anyways. I'm not stuck on it, but they think it's great, inside there. But don't you think so, and don't you say so. Not to them. You just stick up and say that it would be all right if only there was a motorcycle there. You understand?"

Cutty understood, but such understanding passed from him when he entered the holy of holies in the Platt household.



"GEE! LOOK AT THAT TREE."



"Gee! look at that tree!" yelled Cutty Wortman. "Tree!" growled Archibald III. "Yes; and it isn't even fresh. Those green things are dropping all over the room from it already."

"Gee! but at night," ventured Cutty, "when it's lighted up—say, look at this here flyer. Look!"

"Merry Christmas, Cutty," said Platt, senior, who by that same token was Archibald II.

But Archibald III. whispered darkly to Cutty Wortman. "Look out!" he said; "here comes Mamma Platt. She's going to give you something useful if you don't watch out."

He was quite right. "Cutty," said Mamma Platt,



"CUTTY WASN'T EXPECTING ANY MOTORCYCLE—WERE YOU?"

who, by the way, being Mrs. Archibald Alexander Platt II., was very young, very pretty, very winsome, and very stylish. "Cutty, let me try this gray sweater on you. They're all the rage now, among boys—"

"Not so much as motorcycles, though," interposed Archibald, by way of no harm.

"And so warm," went on young Mrs. Platt.

"Gee! they are warm," admitted Cutty, who still shivered from the outside rawness in the air. "Gee! but I'm much obliged."

"Santa Claus left it here for you, Cutty," said Mrs. Platt, with a sidewise glance at Archibald, for she doubted whether Archibald and Cutty in their wisdom still were stanch in the faith.

"The old duck," remarked Archibald, which proved that he was, at any rate. "And," went on Mamma Platt, "there was a box of paints, and a box of candy, and a musical top for Cutty, too."

"He doesn't want those things," snorted Archibald, genially. But Cutty did. And there being a thing or too for Cutty's mother, Cutty's advent at the Platt home was more or less profitable.

"I'll have to help you carry this truck home, Cutty," said Archibald an hour later, "and it's just as well, for going back we can talk it over."

"Talk what over?" queried Cutty.

"Earning money to buy motorcycles, you pin-head!" snapped Archibald. "Have you forgotten? You don't want to forget, you understand?"

Cutty understood. They talked it over, or, rather, Archibald did, improving in detail as they went along, strengthening their lines of offense, marshaling their forces, laying out a campaign that was to be as practical as it was relentless.

"Two motorcycle, juniors, one year from to-day, and don't forget," said Archibald, as he parted on that day from Cutty Wortman.

In four weeks he exhibited four dollars and a half to Cutty. "Most of it," he explained, "I made selling postage stamps."

"Like the drug-store people?" queried Cutty.

"Sure. Only I sell just to my old man. He buys 'em, two for five. Look here," confided Archibald, "it's a cinch."

"Tell me," requested Cutty.

"First off," went on Archibald, "you borrow five dollars from your mother, and lay in a stock o' stamps—" Cutty lost interest in the proposition. Its initial step was too complicated for his simple operations.

"Well," he complained, "I haven't earned so much. I've worked. Gee! but I worked. Look at me hands—scrubbin' floors, helpin' with the wash. I'm gettin' thin." He pulled out a quarter. "That's all I got to show for it," he complained.

"Why don't you sell her stamps, a hundred at a clip, at two for five?" asked Archibald.

"She won't buy stamps," answered Cutty; "you ask her if she will."

"Well, why don't you make her pay for the work you do, then?"

Cutty groaned. "She says she hasn't got the coin," he answered.

"All in your eye," retorted Archibald; "she's got it, Cutty, somewhere. She's guyin' you. I'll bet she's got a wad locked up in the silver safe—"

"What's that?"

"Well, in her stockin', then. They all have it. Only some are tighter wads than others. My folks are tight enough. But your old woman! Gee whiz! Don't let her bluff you, Cutty," pleaded Archibald, with all the fervor of true friendship; "don't let her bluff you."

But she did bluff Cutty, and Cutty never found the wad that his mother had secreted, large as it must have been. However, the world owed Cutty a motorcycle—or, at least, Archibald so assured him—and Cutty went out into the world to earn it. He sold papers, he collected bottles, he ran errands, he—well, by the first of the following November, take it by and large, he found himself possessed of fifteen dollars and twenty-two cents. "Cutty," said Archibald, shaking his head, "you'll never make it. And I won't either. I've only got forty dollars. And they cost seventy-five dollars apiece." By a stroke of luck it was on that very day that Cutty Wortman picked up in the gutter a bundle of non-negotiable bonds, and took them back to the owner and got ten dollars for his honesty.

"Why didn't you make it a hundred?" growled Archibald. And Cutty knew, somehow, that he was not in a class with Archibald; that he lacked the genius that was an essential part of the owner of a motorcycle. "I'll never make it," he assured himself. Three weeks later he crept abjectly into the presence of Archibald. "What do you think," he wailed, "I haven't got a cent."

"You got twenty-five or thirty dollars," returned Archibald.

Cutty wiped his eyes. "The old woman got sick—just at this time—and she up and went to the hospital. Gee! it's tough. And she took that twenty-five dollars. She had to have it. I had to give it to her. See?"

"Did she have the nerve to ask for that?" indignantly asked Archibald.

"She—she didn't exactly ask for it," guiltily replied Cutty, "but I had to give it to her. And it's gone."

"You're a soft one," commented his friend; "here I've got forty-five dollars and sixty-one cents, and you haven't got a cent."

Forty-five dollars and sixty-one cents was a far cry from seventy-five dollars. But it was just three



"FIRST OFF, YOU BORROW FIVE DOLLARS FROM YOUR MOTHER."

weeks before Christmas of that year that the unexpected happened, the miracle occurred, for Archibald. The *Evening News* did the work for Archibald. So did the Green Store. For on the seventh page of the *Evening News*, third column, next to reading matter, on December 4th—just look it up if you don't believe it—there appeared the counterfeit presentment of the motorcycle, junior. Not Munsterberg & Company's. No; something better.

THE GREEN STORE MOTORCYCLE, JUNIOR.

Then followed the usual announcements that any child could run it; that it was safe; that it was odor-



"CUTTY, LET ME TRY THIS SWEATER ON YOU."

less, dangerless—but it was the bottom line that did the trick for Archibald.

ANY CHILD CAN BUY IT—\$49.50 IS ITS PRICE.

On the 21st of December Archibald had the cash, \$49.50. He had tried the Green Store motorcycle, junior for the twentieth time in the store. Satisfied with it, on the 22d of December he made his purchase.

"Poor Cutty," he thought to himself. But he didn't tell Cutty and he didn't tell anybody else. He was going to wait till Christmas, and then he would flash that Motorcycle, Junior—his Motorcycle, Junior, on Cutty, on his own family, on Santa Claus. "I'll show the old duck," he told himself. He slept well Christmas Eve, for he knew that he had fought a great fight; knew that he had won. His daily toil, his life-blood, had gone into the Green Store Motorcycle, Junior, that was tucked away behind the wood barrels in the cellar, waiting for the light of Christmas morn. For the second time Archibald had to be awakened for his breakfast. He did not go into the library. He ate his breakfast leisurely, and then he stole down into the cellar and brought it up. He wheeled it swiftly into the present-room. "Look at it!" he exclaimed proudly to his kinsfolk. "I bought it my own self." Then he stopped, suddenly. For there, in the far corner, was another Motorcycle, Junior, a Munsterberg, large as life. Another motorcycle!

"Gee!" exclaimed Archibald, when he got his breath; "from the old duck. From Santa Claus. Gee whiz! Two!"


"Cutty," he exclaimed, some two hours later, "you can have the one that the old duck left. It's yours, Cutty Wortman."

"Why, Archibald," gasped his mother, "that's a Munsterberg."

"I know," returned Archibald, with sparkling eyes; "but I earned this Green Store one myself."

Cutty Wortman winked and blinked. "I gotta show this to the old woman," he whispered. "She's just out of the hospital to-day."

# CHRISTMAS EVE




COMES softly echoed down the ages  
The song the shepherds heard of old,  
Like strain of sweetest choral music  
Along cathedral arches rolled.

FIRST heard on earth in nightly vigils,  
On lone and dark Judean hill,  
The chorus since of countless millions,  
Of peace on earth, to men good-will.

OH, happy eve of day most sacred,  
Of day most blest in noon or morn—  
Of day that marks time's greatest era,  
When Christ the Prince of Peace was born.

A LIGHT to shine till every nation  
On Christmas Eve the anthem sing,  
And every language, race, and people  
The bells of Merry Christmas ring.

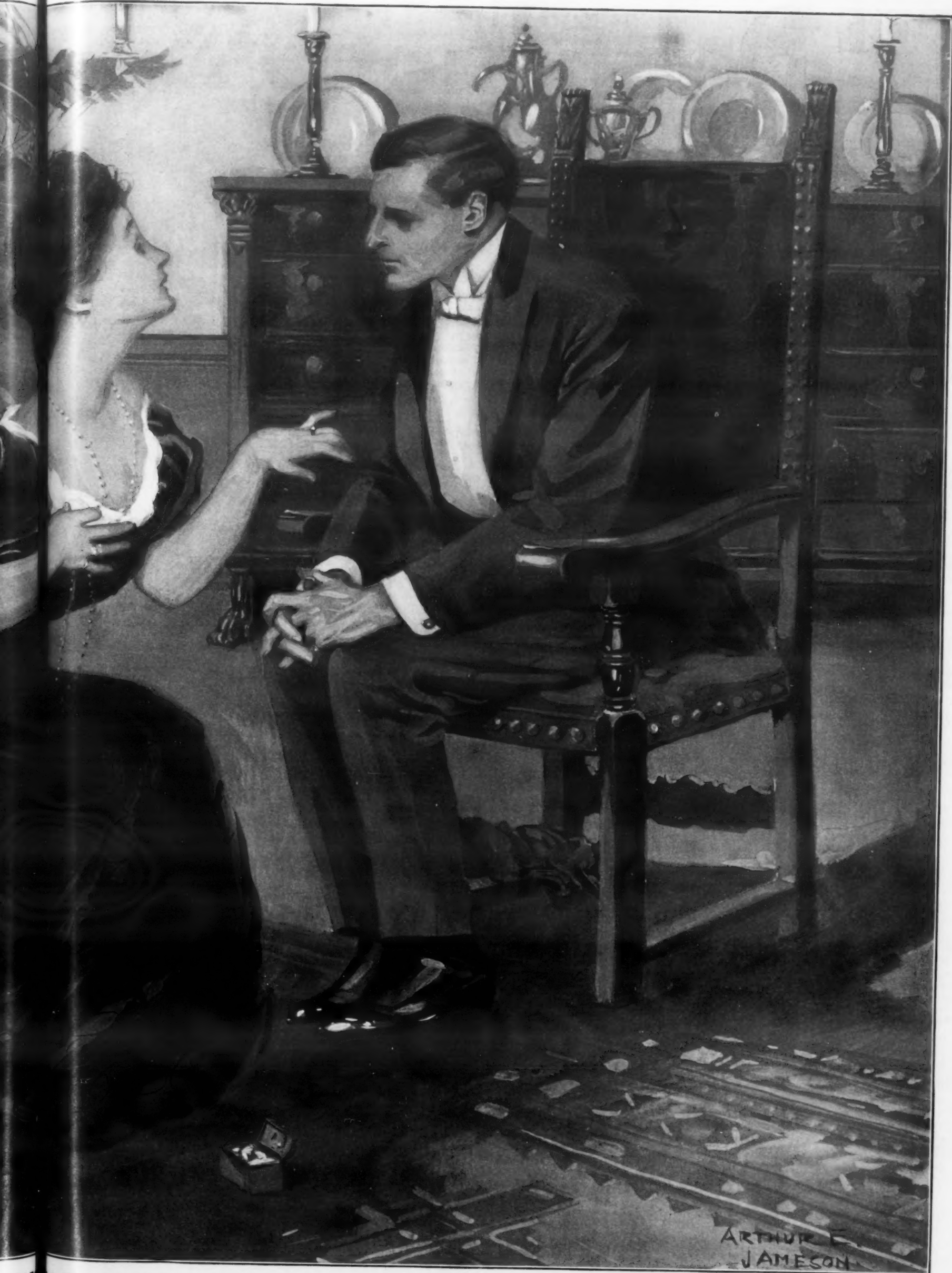
BERTHA BAER.











ARTHUR E.  
JAMESON

Drawn by Arthur E. Jameson



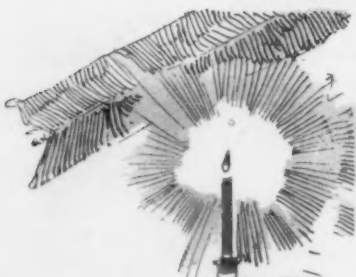
# THE DOLL AND THE TEDDY BEAR

**W**HEN I went in on Christmas Eve  
To see my Christmas-tree,  
All fixed with colored candles gay,  
As pretty as could be,  
A lovely dolly dressed in pink  
Was smiling at me there,  
And from the tiptop branches swung  
The cutest Teddy bear.



VI.

**BUT WHEN** I give my dollies tea,  
And mamma lets me make  
Some teeny-weeny sandwiches,  
And gives me jam and cake;  
Miss Arabella—that's her name—  
She looks so pretty, too,  
Why, then I seem to love her most—  
Please tell me, which would you?



CHARLES A. MURPHY

**HIS SILKY** fur was golden-brown;  
A satin ribbon wide,  
Just like my bright-red Sunday sash,  
About his neck was tied;  
He had the dearest little paws  
And blackest beady eyes.  
I hugged him tightly in my arms,  
He was a great surprise.



IV.

**MY PAPA** asked me right away  
Which one I liked the best,  
My dolly in her ruffled frock  
And flowery bonnet dressed,  
Or Teddy bear, so soft and warm,  
Like something that's alive,  
That I can carry in the park,  
Or take with me to drive.



VII.

**MY UNCLE CHARLIE** only laughs  
And pulls me on his knees,  
And calls them "beauty and the beast"—  
He's such a dreadful tease;  
But if I ask my mamma, when  
She tucks me up at night,  
She says: "Why, dear, you love them both,"  
And mamma's always right!

TARRYTOWN.



**BUT THEN** I saw that dolly sweet,  
With curls of shining gold,  
And dropped the darling Teddy bear,  
For both I could not hold.  
Her waist was fastened up the back  
With button-holes and all,  
Like mamma's when she dresses up  
And goes to pay a call.



V.

**BUT THAT** is what I cannot tell,  
However much I try  
When cuddled on the nursery rug  
Before the fire I lie.  
I like my Teddy bear the most  
When I go out to play,  
For I can tumble him around  
In almost any way.





# When the Old Man Turned Squire



**T**HE LAME DOG mine—the last one to be chosen by Long Bill and Old Man Johnson as the medium through which was to be achieved their bright and shining destinies—was located “far from the maddening crowd,” as Long Bill sentimentally expressed it, on the edge of the desert, where the vast expanse of sand and rock on the west met the sea of prairie land on the east.

“We lies between the desert and the cow country,” said Old Man Johnson one day, “and when we strikes the chute on the Lame Dog we buys everything on both sides of us and turns it into a park.”

It was the day before Christmas. They were hammering doggedly in the drift, thumping a three-foot drill into a face of solid phonolite, harder than iron, and giving forth a musical tinkle when the miner's feet disturbed loose flakes upon the floor. The sperm candle dripped idly its melted body down the back of Long Bill's neck, but he minded it not. He was thinking of to-morrow's feast of canned tomatoes and real bread and mulligan stew at Hop Yick's joint, and then the blissful game of solo to follow, lasting, maybe, two days.

Old Man Johnson ceased from his labors for a slight rest, mopping the sweat from his brow with one long, knott'ed forefinger, which left a liberal smear of dirt in its wake.

“I'll shovel out the rock a little,” he said, “while you put in the shots.” Long Bill went silently to work with the dynamite—“powder,” rather, for in mining parlance all dynamite is “powder.” Old Man Johnson shoveled a while, then, taking the pick, he began trimming down the sides of the drift. About the second stroke he slammed the pick into his foot, and the ensuing profanity vitiated the atmosphere so that the candle went out. Long Bill, all solicitude and rough sympathy, helped the old man out to the shaft and up the ladder to the cabin, where they pooled their two stocks of surgical skill and bound up the injured member—“Till she feels better'n she did before,” declared Long Bill, optimistically. But the old man demurred.

“You always was a fool, Bill!” he affirmed positively. Long Bill was silent, for he had doubts. Old Man Johnson eyed his partner, waiting with truculence on his brow for some word upon which to hinge a quarrel which should ease his mind by affording a vent for the gathered rage; but Long Bill, wise in his experience, remained silent and stroked the two-inch stubble on his bony chin.

“But I'll get to Lone Pine!” grated the old man. “It's fifteen mile, but I gets there or busts a lung trying! I won't be cheated out of my Christmas!” A sudden inspiration seized him as, outside the cabin, sounded a long and melancholy bray. “I rides ole Pete!”

The thought comforted him and he brightened up. Long Bill brightened, too, and went about getting dinner. After a hurried meal Long Bill went out to round up the burro. After a while he came back, “with his face so long he hit his chin agin his knees and bit his tongue!” as Old Man Johnson said. “Ole Pete's stampeded!” said Long Bill.

By Lowell Otus Reese

It was even so. Old Pete had taken flight out into the greasewood, and all Long Bill's diligence failed to locate him.

They sat moodily beside the old camp-stove that night. Old Man Johnson, with malevolence written all over him, nursed his sore foot and swore under his breath at the absent beast. “When I gets him,” he said, “I ties a knot in his tail that'll make him remember this Christmas plumb through till the next one.”

Long Bill stirred uneasily and glanced at the bat-

wakin' the invalid? Maybe you thinks it necessary to feed me beef gruel and pap; that it? Now you fade out there into the bresh an' hit the trail, or I swear I gets up on this yere bum laig and lams you through the door so hard you runs your long, slim head a foot into the sand!”

Long Bill obeyed with alacrity. When he was gone Old Man Johnson went sullenly to bed.

Early next morning the old man, sore in his heart as well as in his feet, sat in front of the cabin looking off toward Lone Pine and picturing to himself the festivities about to begin there. He reached over to the water pail and took a drink of the stale liquid, making a wry face as he flung the rusted dipper back. “What a drink for Christmas morning!” he sneered. “I'm

lonesome. I shore feels like a starved flea a thousand miles from a yaller dog.”

A faint sound came from the east. Wheeling sharply, Old Man Johnson saw scrambling over the rocks of the Lame Dog dike two mounted figures—a young man and a girl. They were shoving their weary horses at reckless speed along the dangerous trail, and behind them, braying frantically, loped old Pete, the recreant burro. A few seconds later and the party dashed up to the cabin. Old Man Johnson arose and greeted the young lady with old-time courtesy as she dismounted and staggered with cramped limbs toward the door. The young man, whom the old man recognized as Reck Wilson, a wild but good-hearted young rider for Colonel Woodrow, a cattleman twenty miles away, came forward, too, with an anxious grin.

“Well?” said Old Man Johnson.

“We're eloping,” said Wilson. “We're making for Lone Pine to get married. We wants a drink of water—cay use turned a flipflap a mile this side of the house and busted our canteen of water.” He accepted the brackish drink and offered it to the girl.

“Old man after you?” asked Old Man Johnson.

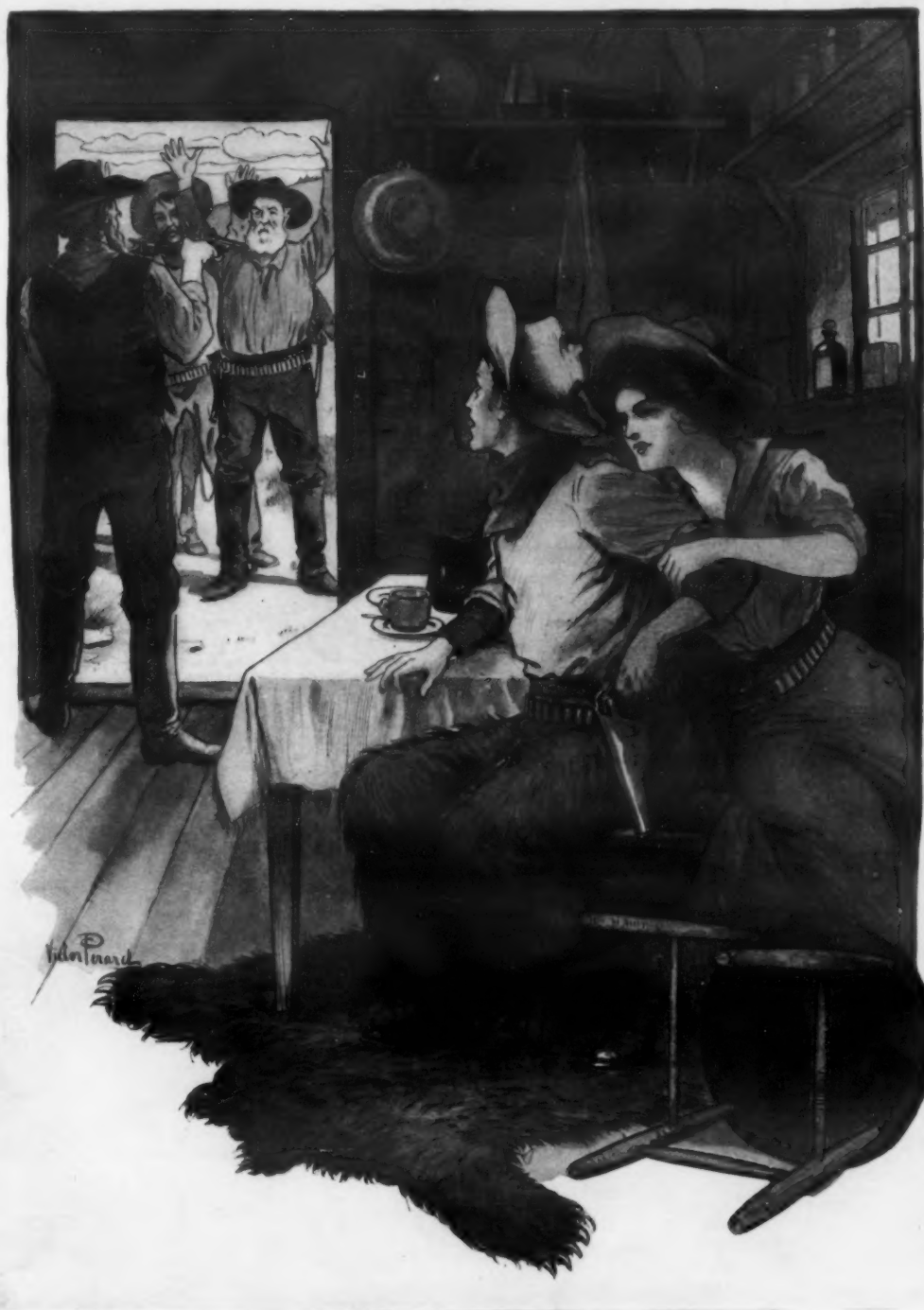
“About seven jumps behind!”

An angry yell came from the trail beyond the dike. Turning swiftly, the runaways started for their mounts. Old Man Johnson seized the young fellow by the collar, and, with a strength which astonished the youth, flung him inside the cabin. The girl was gently, but firmly, ushered in through the same door. “I pernounce you man and wife!” said the old man, and turned just in time to face old Colonel Woodrow and a cowboy as they nearly rode him down.

“Get out of the way!” shrieked Woodrow, who was in a towering rage.

“I've come to shoot him, and I'll do it if I have to drag him out by the hair!”

There was a scramble inside and a fierce exclamation. Old Man Johnson snatched down a hidden Colt's from above the door. As the angry young Lochinvar appeared at the threshold the old man shoved the muzzle of the ugly weapon into his stomach with a force that staggered him back into the dark interior. “You stay there until you gets your cue, or I plugs you like a coyote!” bawled the old fellow. Then, turning in time to meet Colonel Woodrow, who was dismounting, he bent the black muzzle upon that gentleman, with



“DROP THAT GUN!” BARKED OLD MAN JOHNSON.”

tered alarm-clock. “They're havin' supper now at Hop Yick's,” he suggested. Old Man Johnson turned upon him a smouldering eye of bitter wrath.

“Why don't you vamoose?” he demanded. “Ain't no call for you to stay yere.”

“Kinder thought I'd hang around and help you—” began Long Bill, delicately, but the old man cut him off.

“Help, eh? Think I'm a infant? Got an idea you got to hang over my hot piller fannin' flies and bathin' my fevered brow some, hey? Goin' to put shades on the winder and walk catfoot for fear of



the result that his hands went into the air and the current of vituperation froze upon his fluent tongue.

"Drop that gun!" barked Old Man Johnson.

Shaking with impotent wrath, Colonel Woodrow obeyed. Old Man Johnson quickly shifted his Colt's until it bore upon the cowboy retainer. Then he stooped quickly and retrieved the colonel's weapon from the sand.

"Shoot him Brock!" shrieked Woodrow. "Quick!"

"Can't, colonel!" said the cowboy. "He's got me covered!" The language was fierce, but with it the cowboy bestowed upon Old Man Johnson an eloquent wink.

The situation well in hand, Old Man Johnson calmed down. He stepped back and leaned against the side of the door, toying pensively with the two guns. The cowboy's pistol lay neglected on the ground.

"Which it fills me with pain a heap," sighed the old man. "Here I sits, all calm and happy, before my peaceful vine-clad cottage, meditating Christmas thoughts and thinkin' trouble 's a million miles away. Here you comes, rampin' into my dreams seekin' blood and usin' language that never was dreamed of on them old plains of Bethlehem. Inside the cabin is two lovin' young hearts that was made to beat as one. Trouble—nothin' but trouble! And me with a sore foot!" he complained. "You're stampedin' around tryin' to bust up them blissful dreams of future happiness, but you're too late, colonel—too late. I've already pronounced them man and wife!"

Colonel Woodrow grew apoplectic. "What!" he roared, "you ain't a justice of the peace! You can't—"

"Colonel," said the old man, sweetly, "when I see them two young things scatterin' down across the Lane Dog, I says to myself, 'Ole man, you have long wanted to be called 'squire. Now 's the time to begin. Ole man, you're 'squire.' So I pronounced them man and wife." The muzzle of the grim Colt's went imperceptibly nearer a line with the colonel's head. "You heard me, colonel? I pronounced them man and wife!"

Colonel Woodrow glanced at the round, black muzzle. He looked beyond it into the steel-gray eye that held in its depths much of the menace that looked out of the cold, black muzzle. He turned toward his horse.

"Guess we better be gettin' home, Brock!"

"Drop that bridle!"

Woodrow turned, and once more his hands went helplessly into the air, where they dangled grotesquely.

"Ain't you goin' to attend them weddin' festivities?" suggested Old Man Johnson, with an injured air. Suddenly his manner changed.

"See here, Bill Woodrow!" he said, harshly, "who are you, with your pockets bulgin' with money, to be trailin' down poor Reck Wilson—and for no other reason than because he is poor? Want your daughter to marry Sant Rickard, eh? Fifty year old,

and the worst booze-fighter between hell and the Caliente. But he's rich! Rich! h—ll! Think a little. It's all right—the idee of marryin' your daughter to a man that owns a million-dollar bunch of cattle land, but wait ten years. Would you rather have old Sant Rickard lyin' drunk on your front porch ten years from now, or a fine young fellow like Reck Wilson—best rider, bar none, in a hundred miles—chargin' around over the place and keepin' the life in your stiff old bones? Why, dern your old wrinkles! Bill Woodrow, who are you, to be sayin' who's good enough to marry your daughter? I remember you thirty year ago, when you and me was minin' on the Rio Blanco. That was before you degenerated and went to raisin' cows. D'you rick'lect the time when we had to maul you with a pick-handle and hog-tie you and pack you out of the country to keep you from marryin' a Piute squaw?"

The old man waited for this to sink in. Colonel Woodrow was flattened. His arms ached, and this humiliation flung at him from the past by Old Man Johnson took the last grain of belligerency out of him.

"I cave, Hank!" he said. "Put up your gun and call out the yearlin's!"

Brock gave an ecstatic yell and swung his hat in the air. Inadvertently he stuck his spurs into the flanks of his nervous bronco, which promptly buck-jumped and tore away on the back trail toward home, leaving its astonished rider standing on his head in a cactus patch.

"But I goes along all the same!" said the luckless retainer. "I shore wants to be best man. I 'low I rides this yere jackass."

"Not any!" said Old Man Johnson, stoutly. "You rides behind Colonel Woodrow, and I rides ole Pete myself a whole lot. That there jackass shore has a hunch, and that's the reason he runs away last night, so he can be here and assist on this joyous occasion."

And thus they started. The colonel and Brock, riding the same cayuse, leading the way, Wilson and Miss Woodrow following, and Old Man Johnson on the burro bringing up the rear.

It was after the wedding supper. The newly-married ones sat in the bridal chamber of the Lone Pine Hotel. Down in the bar-room Old Man Johnson, smiling and gurgling happily, sat with Colonel Woodrow's head pillowed on his shoulder. The colonel was weeping tears of joy down the old fellow's neck and telling him what a good boy Reck Wilson was.

"Which I presents him with the Long Cienegas Ranch and six hundred head o' steers, Hank!" sobs the colonel. "And I puts a roll of greenbacks into his hand big enough to choke a cow!"

Outside, in the darkness, the six-shooters were making joyous clamor, and a hundred tuneless throats

were singing, in a hundred different keys, a happy Christmas carol, which sounded vaguely like this:

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowlee—ee—eeeeee,  
Play the Dead March as they bear me along;  
Take me to the graveyard and pile the sod o'er me—ee—eeeeee,  
For I'm a young cowboy, I know—"

The rest of the carol ended in a wild, enthusiastic whoop of the pure essence of joy. And Long Bill's voice led all the rest.

### Christmas in the Philippines.

ALTHOUGH they are dwellers in a tropical country, where the environments differ greatly from those in their own land, the Americans now in the Philippine Islands will celebrate Christmas with quite as much zeal and in nearly the same fashion as the people of the "States." So far as the soldiers stationed there are concerned, the authorities at Washington have done their share to make the day a pleasant one. What is said to be the "largest Christmas dinner ever sent from any port in the world" was shipped recently from San Francisco to Manila, on the transport *Sherman*. The good things thus characterized were intended for the military men in our Asiatic possessions and their families. Every member of the little army in the Islands—including, also, it is to be hoped, the native constabulary—is to be supplied with a regular Christmas meal of the Occidental kind. For this purpose the *Sherman* carried from the Golden Gate not less than 35,000 pounds of turkey, five hundred gallons of cranberry sauce, big cases of home-made mince meat for pies, and hundreds of tins of plum pudding. In order to convey these delicacies in safety and good condition to their destination, an immense ice-box was especially constructed to contain them. The fowls were all raised in California, and were of the finest quality. This generous contribution by the government to the typical observance of the great religious holiday is expected to put Uncle Sam's fighting men in good humor and to lessen to some extent that "homesick feeling" which frequently attacks the exile. The personal friends in this country of the soldiers have also taken a hand in adding to the latter's contentment, by forwarding to them multitudes of gifts of various kinds. Nor will the American civilians there be forgotten by the relatives and friends from whom they are separated so far.

Naturally there is a liberal reciprocity in this matter, and the exiles have not failed to make seasonable presents to their friends of old across the sea. While the American occupation continues, there will doubtless be a steady growth of the American colony, and thus this exchange of holiday favors must increase in volume from year to year, tending, to some extent at least, to add firmness to the tie binding the Philippines to the United States.

## Christmas Long Ago

THE SNOWFLAKES on the sleeping earth their downy mantle fling,

While clanging through the frosty air the Christmas joy-bells ring.

It is the hour of eventide—the glowing fire burns low,

And in its depths fair pictures gleam of Christmas long ago.

I SEE THE little cottage nestled close behind the hill;

To us it was a refuge sweet from every earthly ill. The blazing logs upon the hearth give forth a ruddy sheen

To tinge the frosted panes bedecked with wreaths of evergreen.

I SEE THE little stockings hung beside the ingle nook;

I see the childish faces—oh, how gay and bright they look!

While from the little trundle-beds their merry voices hum,

As eagerly they wonder just "when Santa Claus will come."

HOW BUSY were our mothers then from morn until they slept,

And from the quaint old kitchen spicy odors upward crept

From shelves all groaning 'neath the pies of pump-kin and of mince—

Such appetizing goodies have I never tasted since.

DEAR FACES that I see to-night have gone beyond the skies,

For them the joyous Christmas Day now dawns in Paradise.

But they seem to hover near me in the firelight's fitful glow,

Sweet spirits of the Christmas-time, dear Christmas long ago.

KATHERINE L. DANIHER.







SKATING-CARNIVAL ON A FAR-NORTH LAKE IN THE HEART OF BEARLAND.



GOOD-NATURED TEDDY BEARS HELPING SANTA CLAUS AT HIS WORK-SHOP TO LOAD HIS AUTOMOBILE WITH CHRISTMAS TOYS FOR THE CHILDREN.

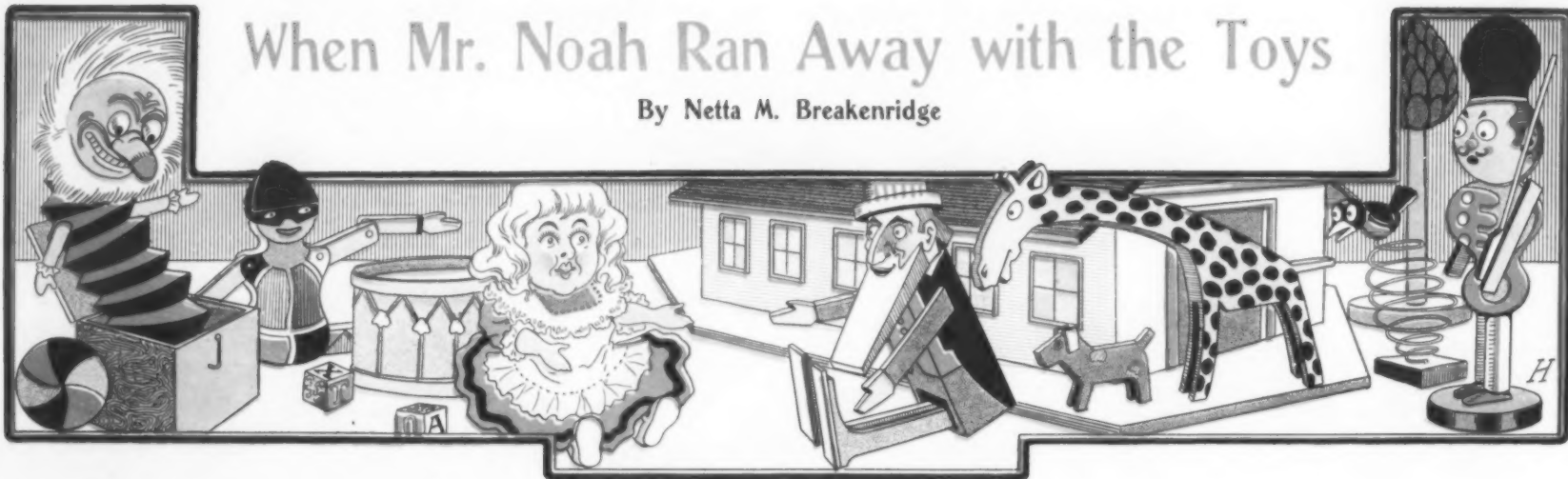
HOLIDAY RECREATIONS OF THE JOLLY TEDDY BEARS.

Drawn by P. D. Johnson.



## When Mr. Noah Ran Away with the Toys

By Netta M. Breakenridge



BOBBY was a small, round-faced, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, yellow-headed, laughing, romping, rollicking boy. My! What a lot of things to say about a little fellow who had lived only long enough to enjoy four birthday cakes with their tiny white candles in wonderful pink rosebud holders; long enough, too, to hang up four Christmas stockings. Not all on one Christmas Eve; oh, dear, no! Who would ever dream of expecting Santa Claus to care anything at all for a person who could be so greedy? But one on each Christmas Eve of Bobby's little life. First the ridiculous little merino stocking with its pink silk toe and heel. Why, do you know that it would hold only the little silver rattle, and the tiny red ball, and nothing at all besides! But every Christmas it was larger, oh, much larger and longer, and would hold lots and lots. And now Bobby looked in glee at his brown-ribbed legs as he stuck them straight out in front of him, and then he looked at the shelf, above the fireplace where the big log was roaring, and measured with his four and a half year old eye how far down the toe would reach when mother hung the stocking up.

He knew what he wanted it to hold, if it only would. But he sighed as he remembered the hobby-horse with real brown hair and brass-mounted harness—that would never go in, he feared; nor the "flexible flyer," painted such a beautiful red and green; nor the Noah's Ark, the big Noah's Ark, with such a stout, brave figure of a Noah guarding the lovely yellow door. Bobby had had enough of those baby arks, with their "teeny, weeny effelunts and 'pottamys, and all," but this big one—oh! Bobby felt of his brown stocking and wondered how much it would stretch. A knife would go in, he felt sure—a big, big jack-knife—and a watch, one that would go; oh, and candy, and an orange, of course. But how about the trunk—the cunning little one—for his very own, to go to the mountains with next summer? And how about—Bobby wrinkled his forehead into a tight little frown as he thought of a pair of small white stockings that lived across the way—Margery's stockings—and of the dainty, golden-haired dolly that was to be requested of Mr. Santa Claus for her—how about the size of those stockings?

Bobby knew where these longed-for gifts were to be had, every "bressed one." It was such a charming little shop where he had seen them; nothing in it to sell but toys—think of it! A whole shopful of toys! Such a funny roof it had, this shop, with steep, slanting sides, and little bits of brick steps all the way down the slants. The door, too, made Bobby laugh, for it split in two across the middle; a little Dutch shop, mother said it was. And here, under the gable roof, and beyond the funny split door, Bobby had seen every one of his "wants."

He was telling them over on his little fat fingers, in front of the fireplace, when mother called, "Bed-time, little son," and he rose to go. Slipping his hand into hers, he trudged beside her up the stairs and into the little white crib, where he was tucked away in a trice under the warm pink-and-white blankets, talking to mother all the time, and begging her to tell him again just how many more nights before Christmas

Eve would come and the stocking be hung up. "Three, Bobby-boy, just one, two, three," she said. That was easy—he knew three, for it was just the age of Margery, across the way, only she said "free years" whenever you asked her how old she was. Bobby smiled as he gave mother her good-night hug and kiss,

and said over to himself, "Goody—goody—only three more nights!"

The moon looked in for company after mother went down stairs, and Bobby began telling the man in it how very near Christmas was, and what things he was hoping for from the jolly little fat driver of reindeer.

He was just getting deliciously drowsy, and the blue eyes were almost shut, when the man in the moon came down quite close to his window and spoke to him. Of course Bobby was surprised, and just a teeny, weeny bit frightened, for the man in the moon looks very, very big when he gets quite close to you, as you will know yourself if he has ever come to your window as he did to Bobby's.

"I'd hate to disappoint you, Bobby," he said;



"THEN AWAY THEY WENT—OUT AND AWAY IN THE MOONLIGHT."

"but I've been watching the things in that very toy-shop myself, and it looks this minute as if nearly everything you want would be gone before morning."

Bobby bounced out of bed. "Oh, dear!" he cried, "what makes you say so?"

"Jump in here," said the man, moving over to make room beside him in the moon for Bobby, "and see for yourself."

In a moment they were high up among the stars, Bobby and all, and he could see the toy-shop quite plainly.

"Well, I declare!" said the moon-man, "they are certainly going. He's been making love to her evenings for weeks, but I didn't believe she would listen to such a hard old fellow."

It was her little golden-haired china ladyship and Mr. Noah—the big one! The door of the ark stood wide open and quite unguarded, and its owner was up on the shelf bending over Miss Dolly, and telling her, I suppose, how terribly near Christmas was, and how they would surely be sold, he to some rough, rude boy, and she to some thoughtless little girl, and that they would never, never see each other again. And she looked up into Mr. Noah's anxious, rose-pink face and his set little black eyes, and to his great joy consented to run away with him!—which was what he was coaxing her to do. He scrambled down as quickly as he could with his funny stiff legs, and began harnessing up the hobby-horse, the very one of Bobby's love and choice, to the red and green flexible flyer! Next he dragged down the trunk from its corner and loaded it on the sled! Snatching hurriedly at the shelves he dropped a watch in one pocket and a huge jack-knife in the other, and going back to the feet of his lady, took her cold china hand in his own-wooden one, helped her down a shelf or two, and with her mounted the beautiful steed. Then away they went—out and away in the moonlight, the door of the toy-shop splitting open most obligingly to let them through.

Poor Bobby! His big blue eyes were full of tears, and he scarcely saw how the brave little company of soldiers on her ladyship's shelf leveled their guns

at the bold Mr. Noah, nor heard the white woolly dog as he barked bravely away from his station on the top-most shelf, nor the animals in the ark calling out in their various voices after their disappearing master. He only felt the warm, tender squeeze of the moon-man's hand, and a queer little bump as he was dropped gently back in his white crib again.

Tearfully, the next morning, he told mother all about it—his visit with the moon-man, and the disappointing affair of the toy-shop, and he begged her to take him down so he might ask the kind little toy-man to try and get more treasures like the vanished ones, so if, on Christmas Eve, Santa Claus should want to fill Bobby's stocking, and surround his fireplace with just such things, they might be found close at hand. It was too cold out that morning for little boys, mother

said: she must bundle up herself very warm to go out, but after lunch they would go, she and Bobby. And they did—straight to the little Dutch shop, and once inside, oh, what sadly empty spots where the desires of Bobby's heart had stood. Even the whole big ark was gone now.

"Did he come back again?" Bobby asked, "and carry it off on the flexible flyer?"

The toy-man's eyes twinkled. "I was fast asleep through it all," he said, "and didn't see a thing. But they are every one gone, as you can see for yourself."

Breathless, then, Bobby stated his errand, and the blue eyes danced, and a happy little laugh bubbled over as the kind-hearted shop-keeper promised to do his best to have anything and everything that could possibly be called for by Mr. Santa Claus on Christmas Eve.

The "three more" nights came and went, but they were

very slow about it. A beautiful, big, fluffy snow-storm kept Bobby from going again to see his toy-man, so he spent most of the days with Margery, and told her many times of his hopes and fears. "And the worst of all," he would say, gallantly, "'s if you don't get that bressed chinarr dolly." And Miss Margery thought so, too.

Well, it was Christmas Eve at last. Bobby watched the fire die out in the grate, and saw mother hang up the brown stocking, then skipped willingly away to bed, saying, "Mother, oh! do you think we'll get 'em, mother?"

She kissed him and smiled, such a nice comfy smile, and then, in a very few minutes, he went fast asleep, filled with a great faith in mother and the toy-man and Santa Claus.

In the rose and gray of Christmas morning mother heard the little pattering feet she was listening for, and followed Bobby noiselessly down the stairs and into the "fireplace" room. Suddenly he stopped, stared in speechless wonder for a moment, and then shouted—such a shout!

"Oh—oh! they runned away—to me!"

And so it seemed, for there, just in front of the empty grate, stood hobby-horse, flexible flyer, and all, Mr. Noah and her ladyship a-horseback, and the trunk on the sled, just as Bobby had seen them depart. And his little brown stocking bulged out with the watch and the huge jack-knife.

"Margery gets her dolly!" he cried; then turning he saw mother. "Oh!" he gasped; "Oh, mother, do you suppose they've been running around all this time?"

"I wonder if they have?" she answered with a smile, and then Bobby set out to enjoy quite the happiest day in his life. To him and Margery it was a time of bliss such as only childhood ever knows.







THE CHICKEN'S MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE CHICKEN—"IN THESE MAGNIFICENT PREPARATIONS I CAN SEE A 'MERRY' CHRISTMAS AHEAD FOR ME ALL RIGHT!"



## How the People Behind the Scenes Spend Christmas

By Harriet Quimby

TO THOSE whose knowledge of the stage is confined to the box-office and the orchestra seats there comes a roseate dream of what the Christmas festivities mean to the little world on the other side of the footlights. The general impression is that the theatres are filled with happy, care-free actors and actresses, whose very work is nothing more than play in the eyes of toilers along other lines. It never occurs to most of us that our holidays mean double work at the theatres. These days are, to all in the theatrical profession, about the dreariest time of the year, unless, perchance, they live in New York and may celebrate with their families. Even then the days are busy and hurried ones.

When we heard about the beautiful Christmas-tree which David Belasco furnished last year, and from which gifts for the members of his company were distributed after the performance of "The Rose of the Rancho" on Christmas Eve, I conjured up a variety of impromptu festivities indulged in by the members of other theatrical companies. With my mind filled with cheerful visions of miniature Christmas-trees, and of little feasts of turkey and celery and ale spread about on the tops of spacious theatre trunks (somewhere I had read of this being done), and around the improvised tables, after the performance, gatherings of beautiful women in décolleté and handsome men in evening clothes, I started forth to investigate. Fairy tales I found them! A popular comedienne in a Broadway musical comedy brought me up roundly with "Holiday joy, indeed!

Nobody in the business calls it that. Tell me, is it calculated to put one in the most angelic mood to come out at a Christmas matinée and to sing one's very best to a lot of people who are stuffed so full of Christmas dinner that they cannot distinguish between a comedy and a tragedy? Pouff for Christmas fun back of the scenes!"

"Christmas festivities—oh, yes, they would be perfectly lovely if we could only skip them," said Lulu Glaser at the Liberty Theatre, where she was starring in "Lola from Berlin." "Why, for as many Christmases as I can remember my feast back of the scenes has been a weak cup of tea, and often not even this. No drumsticks, no cranberry, for we dare not eat a heavy meal until after the performance. The real enjoyment, if one could have a choice, would be to snatch a nap between the matinée and the evening performance. Feast on a trunk! Where would one have room, and if room then time to do such a thing?"

Not to be so easily discouraged about Christmas feasts back of the scenes, I ran in for a chat with jolly Mrs. Annie Yeamans, who is about to celebrate her sixty-first Christmas back of the footlights. "Festivity is the wrong word," she said with a laugh. "Hurry to breakfast and to get down to the matinée, hurry after the matinée to get a bite and be at the theatre to dress for the evening performance. No; not even the most cheerful amongst us looks forward to Christmas as anything but a bugbear. The majority of us are on the road and far from friends. In New York it is a little better, of course.

However, I do recall a Christmas-tree in a dressing-room, but it is the only one that I ever heard of. It was in the old Olympic Theatre at Broadway and Houston Street, way back in the 'seventies. That was when my Jeanie was a little tot, and in the performance, which was 'Humpty Dumpty,' she was drum-major. The two Kiralfys, Bolossy and Imre, were playing there. The children of 'Humpty Dumpty' were clamoring for a tree, and we borrowed an empty dressing-room, the property man got a tree, and we all, from the doorkeeper to the leading lady, took turns in decorating it. When it was finished we locked it up, but before Christ-



MISS ESTELLA WENTWORTH AND HER HUSBAND, ALBERT PARR, ON THEIR NEW JERSEY FARM.

mas Day arrived the children got an inkling of it and they could scarcely get through their parts, so anxious were they to peep into that room. That was a really jolly Christmas because there were so many children and they were so pleased. I remember that time that the principals got a handkerchief from each of the chorus girls and the mirrors in the dressing-rooms were all draped with handkerchiefs. I have spent many Christmases on the road, but they were all busy and dreary."

"My jolliest Christmas," echoed James O'Neil in his dressing-room at the Lyric Theatre—"Umm Umm—none of them have been very jolly that I can recall just now. We never have time nor inclination for anything of the kind back of the scenes, for holiday times are about the busiest in the year. But I do remember one rather different Christmas feast. It was during the opening of the old Baldwin Theatre in San Francisco, when Billy Crane and Jimmy Hearn and Davie Belasco, too, were all identified with the company. It had been a busy week of rehearsals, and nothing was done in the way of Christmas until after the performance. Billy had a great admirer in a special officer who also did duty as a guide to the famous old Chinatown, and it was through his invitation that we hurried, the three of us, into street clothes and boarded a Powell Street car headed for the yellow peril. After a trip over roofs and under ground and mysterious initiations through double and triple doors into dens of various kinds, we gradually worked our way back to what was known as the Chinese Delmonico's on Jackson Street. There, up three flights of narrow stairs in a small room, a table was laden with a variety of delicacies known and unknown. It was a Christmas feast all right, for there was turkey, but it was so hashed up and mixed with pineapple and orange peel and nuts of different kinds that we did not recognize the national bird as it came in steaming on a green platter with a blue and gold dragon painted on it. The old Chinese proprietor had trimmed up a dwarfed tree with popped rice, red paper, and little Chinese ornaments, and for each of us there hung on the tree a sleeve-fan and a Chinese puzzle. We drank Christmas cheer in tea."

A pretty story attesting to the popularity of James O'Neil with his audiences comes not from the actor, but from an old schoolmate and friend, Mr. George Moore, of New York. "In 1885, when I was running a hotel in Manchester," said Mr. Moore, "it was during the holidays, and I had driven to Concord to get some decorations and presents. While there I heard that my old friend Jimmy was opening there that night in 'Monte Cristo.' I looked him up to give him a welcome, and during our chat he asked me to stay down for the performance. 'No,' I replied; 'but I will drive back and get Mrs. Moore, and if it is possible to get back here in time I will do it.' As it happened, that night was a snowy and windy one and we were late in starting and slow in making the distance, and after reaching the city and putting up the horses we found that we had just missed the first act. The house was still applauding and there were calls of 'Speech! speech!' As we were going down the aisle Mr. O'Neil spied us taking our seats. After a few words which put the house in good humor, he said, 'I have just noticed two of my oldest friends, one a schoolmate, who have driven out on this stormy night eighteen miles to see me play Monte Cristo. Neither of them has ever seen the play. Now as you have proved that you liked the first act, suppose we do it all over again.' With cries of 'First act!' the curtain fell, and in a moment rose on the first act for the second time that evening. When he had finished, O'Neil had to make another speech."

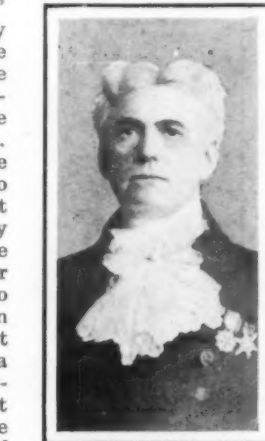
"Guess stage folks gradually lose their sentiment for Christmas," said Denman Thompson, who was celebrating his seventy-fourth year by playing a return engagement in "The Old Homestead" at the Academy of Music. "Leastways, I can't recall anything that stands out in any special way to distinguish

Christmas from any other day, except that we have two performances instead of one. We are a busy lot of people, with rehearsing and all that. I had a pan of beans and some cider once back of the scenes, and on Christmas night, too, but it was a surprise to me, arranged by my manager, and a celebration in honor of another occasion which had nothing to do with the holiday. We were playing 'The Old Homestead' at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and the year was 1887. It had been a stormy and blustery day and none of us felt our cheerfulness, and when the curtain fell we hurried to our rooms to get dressed and start for home. But the orchestra began to play, and we all bounced out on the stage to see what was up; and there stood a table loaded with pans of steaming-hot baked beans, brown bread, cider, piles of real New England crullers, and some hot coffee. It turned out to be a genuine celebration, and before we knew it we were speechifying and carrying on, and we all cheered up for days after."

"Tell me about the jolly times and feasts of the chorus girls and men at the Hippodrome during Christmas time," I said to the manager of that playhouse.

"Jolly! Feasts!" he echoed. "I don't want to shatter any illusions, but it is a sad fact that if any of the chorus got past the doorkeeper with a bottle or anything else that goes to make a feast, it would mean his instant dismissal. At the Hippodrome there is a Christmas celebration, however, although it does not include a feast. The entire stage with the huge tank of water is turned over to the company after the curtain has rung down on the evening performance, and it is used for aquatic sports. Prizes are arranged for by members of the company, and there is much competition among the girls and men to enter the various contests of swimming, diving, tight-rope walking, etc. The rope walking is one of the most amusing features of the midnight water festival, for only amateur walkers are allowed to enter, and as the ropes are stretched across the tank and the walkers are arrayed in bathing-suits, most of them reach the edge by swimming instead of on the rope."

But that Christmas celebrated back of the scenes with a feast is not entirely an imaginary tale, was confirmed by Miss Estelle Wentworth, prima donna of the Aborn Opera Company. With her husband—for Miss Wentworth in private life is Mrs. Albert Parr—she spends her summers on their little farm at Woodcliffe Lake, N. J. It is a little early to prepare for



JAMES O'NEIL.

Christmas during apple and pumpkin gathering days, but these two philosophic players found, after repeated experiences, that if they were going to have any Christmas at all they must prepare for it in time. "It is seldom that we are together for the holidays," said Mrs. Parr; "for we are usually in different companies and miles apart. After a couple of frightfully lonely Christmas experiences on the road, with dinner in wretched and ill-kept little hotels, I hit upon an idea to put up my own Christmas dinner and to have it sent to whatever city I might be playing. Accordingly, when June came around at the farm the next year, I was busy



DENMAN THOMPSON.

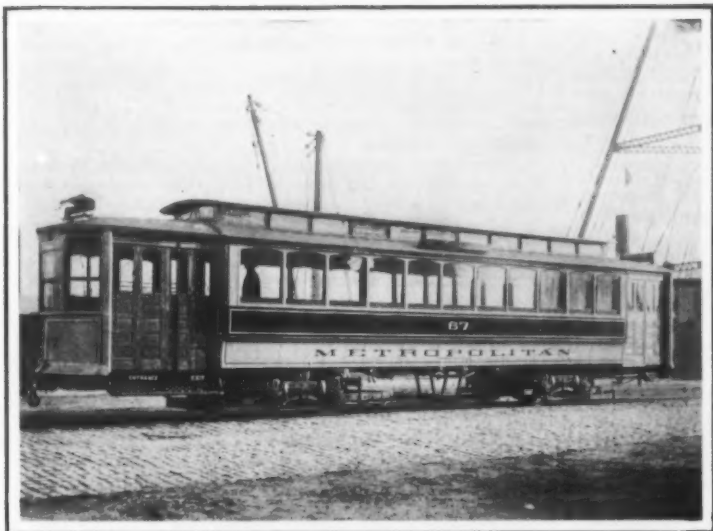
making plum pudding and fruit cake and jam. I packed one box for my husband and one for myself, and left them all ready to put a layer of apples on the top before being nailed up. I happened to be way out in Texas when the holiday season came on, but I wired home where to send the box, and it came by express and reached us in time. It was the means of the entire company's enjoying the jolliest Christmas that any of us had ever had on the road. A favorable report also came from my husband, and since that time preparing Christmas dinner in June has become a habit."



MRS. ANNIE YEAMANS.



# Events of the Time Illustrated by the Camera Artists



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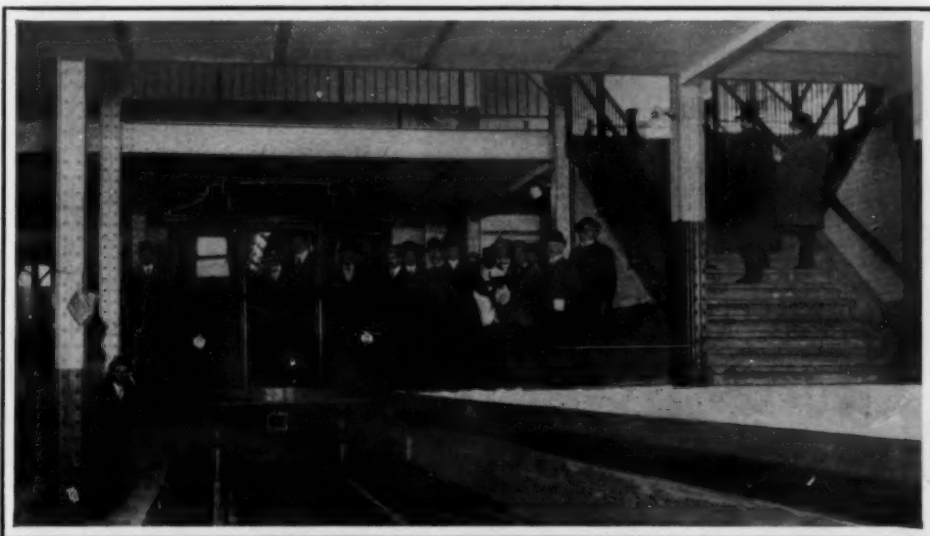


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Left to right, seated: King Edward, Infanta Isabel of Spain, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia, Queen Amelia of Portugal, Duchess d'Aosta, Princess Johann of Saxony. Standing: The Princess Royal, Duke of Connaught, Queen Maud of Norway, with Crown Prince Olaf; Emperor William of Germany, Princess of Wales, Princess Patricia of Connaught, Prince of Wales, King Alfonso of Spain, Empress Augusta of Germany, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Queen Alexandra of England, Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, Queen Victoria of Spain, Duchess of Connaught, Princess Victoria, Prince Johann of Saxony.



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# The Latest and Best Books of the Day

THOSE who have followed the work of the present-day American artists are familiar with that of Kenyon Cox, and realize that what he may write on the subject of art is worth consideration. His new book, "Painters and Sculptors," the second series of "Old Masters and New," has been very favorably received by lovers of art. The book contains seven well-written essays, the most interesting of which concerns the living French sculptor, Rodin. Though much has been written about the works of Holbein and Rembrandt, the art lover hails with delight each new treatment of their masterpieces, and he will not be disappointed in Mr. Cox's essays. The chapter devoted to Lord Leighton's art will be of much interest to those who are not blinded, because of their devotion to the old masters, to the merits of the new. "Painters and Sculptors" contains seventy-two beautiful, clean-cut illustrations, and is published by Duffield & Company, New York, for \$2.50 net; by mail, \$2.65.

The books that have been written on the subjects of home entertainments, decorations, for the table, and ideas for the serving of party repasts, are legion; but the housewife looks eagerly to each new one. Most of the new books contain age-old suggestions on these topics. It is therefore a pleasurable surprise to find at last a new book which is new. Ellye Howell Glover's "Dame Curtsey's Book of Novel Entertainments" is just bubbling over with ideas for "the woman who entertains much, and her who rarely entertains." Price, \$1 net; published by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago.

Everybody who wishes to become acquainted with the present condition of affairs in our Asiatic possessions should read Hamilton M. Wright's "A Handbook of the Philippines." The book portrays the islands as they are to-day, treating of industrial matters, interpreting the character of the people, and showing the opportunities for commercial enterprise. Mr. Wright had unusual opportunities for getting information on the subjects of which he treats. He traveled through the interior of the archipelago for almost 2,000 miles, on horseback and afoot, and accomplished still greater distances by boat and other means. The book is clearly and ably written, and its statements are worthy of confidence. It is published by A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago. Price, \$1.40.

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## Books Received.

From Harper & Bros., New York:

"Discoveries in Every-day Europe." By Don C. Seitz. Illustrated. Price, \$1.25.

From the Neale Publishing Co., New York:

"Jefferson, Cabell, and the University of Virginia." By John S. Patton. Illustrated. 8vo, cloth. Price, \$2 net.



EVERYBODY AFTER TURKEY—SELECTING FOWLS FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER AT A POPULAR MARKET.

"The Story of Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia." By Mary Newton Stanard. 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1 net.

"Life and Letters of Robert Edward Lee, Soldier and Man." By Rev. J. William Jones, D.D. Illustrated. 8vo, cloth. Price, \$2 net.

"The Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence": May 20th, 1775, and the lives of its signers. By George W. Graham, M.D. 8vo, cloth. Price, \$1.50 net.

"The Life of Doctor Samuel A. Mudd": Containing his letters from Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas Island, where he was imprisoned four years for alleged complicity in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Edited by Nettie Mudd, his daughter. With preface by D. Eldridge Monroe. Illustrated. 8vo, cloth. Price, \$3 net.

"The Shenandoah Valley and Virginia, 1861 to 1865": A war study. By Colonel Sanford C. Kellogg, U. S. A. 12mo, cloth. Price, \$2 net.

"The Ivory Gate." By Armistead C. Gordon. Verse. 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1.25.

"A History of Southern Literature." By Carl Holliday, M.A. 8vo, cloth. Price, \$2.50 net.

"Representative Southern Poets." By Charles W. Hubner. 8vo, cloth. Price, \$1.50 net.

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"A Kentucky Chronicle." By John Thompson Gray. A novel. 12mo, cloth. Price, \$1.50.

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I WISH my readers a merry Christmas.

If they have followed the conservative advice I have tried to give them during the past year, they have more reason for happiness than a great many others who have been stranded on the rocks of Wall Street. After all, we are about as happy as we make ourselves, for happiness is comparative. What might be a great luxury to a poor man would be regarded by a wealthy one as of no consequence. We are happiest when we are contented, hopeful, and optimistic, and when we have made provision in the day of prosperity for the evils of the day of adversity.

The happy man in Wall Street, at present, is the one who is not overburdened with securities bought at the high prices of a year ago. Still happier is he who has his money close at hand, prepared to take advantage of the bargain counter. I have often reminded my readers that safety lies on the side of conservatism, and that while the temptation to plunge into the market heavily in the hope of reaping immediate riches is very great, especially when one has "a tip on a sure thing," still it is always better to buy only what you can pay for, to buy securities that will yield dividends even in troublesome times, and thus to escape such unexpected conditions as the market has experienced during the past few months. It is a satisfaction to know that those who have followed this advice are in a most comfortable frame of mind, while the vast majority in Wall Street have been literally sweating drops of blood.

My Christmas greeting is therefore a hopeful one, for our great and blessed country is bound to secure good out of evil, if, as in other similar periods of depression, the best that is in us is developed by a season of adversity. Two lessons must be learned by the American people before prosperity can be assured, and before confidence in our securities can be re-established abroad as well as at home. First, they must correctly interpret the meaning of the expression, "a square deal," as applied to railways and industrial corporations. Secondly, the people must be brought to realize that there is good, as well as evil, in great industrial combinations, or so-called trusts. I have not hesitated to express my opinion freely on certain questions that have been unduly agitating the public mind, and, while occasionally a few of my readers have courteously entered protests, it is a pleasure to know that the vast majority of those who favor me with their attention have commended the opinions to which I have given expression, very often in the face of opposition.

A French writer, whose book on "The Crowd," should be read by every thoughtful American, has pointed out the danger, in these times of free public expression, that may come from the crowd, or the mob, misled, as it too commonly is, by any silver-tongued blatherskite, or self-seeking demagogue, who may, for the time being, command attention. With the extension of the right of suffrage, public opinion can make its power felt at the polls, by the election of those who represent it. If the public mind can be inflamed by glib-tongued orators against any class of the community, and if a muck-raking press, which always seeks to follow, rather than to lead, aids in stirring up a disturbance, it is easy to understand how the most violent, inequitable, and unjust laws can be passed, to injure certain interests, and even certain individuals. The anti-trust craze has gone to such lengths in some of our States, notably in Texas, that no business has been left unmolested, yet, in these very States, and notably in Texas, combinations of cotton growers, organizations of labor, agreements by farmers, to regulate and control the prices of commodities and of labor, have not been disturbed.

The American people must learn to

think more and to read less; to give every one a fair hearing, and to reach a conclusion, not before, but after, the hearing has been had. It is a curious fact that the very States which, two or three decades ago, were the most eager to attract capital for the construction of railways, and which gave large bonuses of money and land to aid in this construction, are now doing their best to cripple the railways that have done so much for them, ignoring the fact that by this plan they are aiming a deadly blow at the progress of these commonwealths. Regulation, and not repression, is necessary, but the tendency is to do both, and do it in such a drastic manner that after the process has been completed, nothing but a wreck remains.

The depression in business justifies my statement that industrial combinations exercise a wholesome influence. It has been announced, for instance, that the greatest of these corporations, the so-called Steel Trust, has at this time of demoralization and recession of business arranged with its competitors, so that there shall not be a panicky decline in the prices of steel and iron products. Do my readers realize what such a demoralization of prices would mean, and how far it might spread into all other lines, upsetting business throughout the country, depressing the prices of commodities that the manufacturer produces, and of the products of the farm, as well as of the factory? Stability is the essential element in business, and as long as industrial combinations maintain prices on a reasonable basis, and as long as the railroads offer transportation for passengers and freight at rates that are fair and not oppressive, these great elements of a nation's strength should be left to work out their own salvation.

The outlook in the stock market is simply this: Prices are extremely low and bargains in dividend-paying railway and industrial stocks, and especially in the bond department, are now offered. To the man who has cash to pay for what he buys, this is his opportunity. It is not impossible, perhaps not improbable, that the forced liquidation will continue in certain directions, and carry the prices of the securities affected to a still lower range, but on the whole, the market is now on a plane that deserves the consideration of investors, and I deal more with that class than I do with the speculator.

"D. C.," Iowa: There is not much choice, though I think the stocks would give you the greatest chance for ultimate profit.

"W.," Brooklyn, N. Y.: All communications received by me are strictly confidential, and it would be impossible for me to disclose the name of a writer without his permission.

"A. B. B.," Garwood, N. J.: Great Northern preferred and Northern Pacific are among the Hill stocks that have merit. I do not believe that the rebate suits against the Great Northern will do great harm to the stock.

"L. A.," New Orleans: I do not recommend Carlisle & Company or their scheme. They are not members of the New York Stock Exchange. One of the prominent New York dailies recently devoted considerable space to this concern. I have not room to reproduce the article.

"K.," Lawrence, Mass.: I see no reason to fear a reorganization of Rock Island, unless its earnings show a far more decided falling off. The enormous burden of securities placed upon this property, and the fact that one of the heaviest holders of its obligations has recently liquidated, have depressed the securities.

"Illinois Central," Boston: President Harahan's reply to Mr. Fish seems to me to be entirely satisfactory. I believe that you will gain nothing by giving your proxy to Mr. Fish, unless he has better reasons to present than he has yet done. On the whole, the management of the Illinois Central has been good, and it is always wise to let well enough alone.

"C. H. C.," New York: I would not sacrifice my Pennsylvania stock in order to buy Steel preferred or common. When the market begins to advance, standard and active railway stock like Pennsylvania, N. Y. Central, Northwest, St. Paul, Union Pacific, and Southern Pacific ought to show immediate strength. While the recession in business promises to seriously affect railway earnings, it promises still more seriously to affect earnings of the iron and steel companies.

Continued on page 584.

## FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE.

## Careful Small Investors

The man who has saved from \$100 to \$1,000 knows that one good investment is worth a lifetime of labor, yet when he goes to buy stocks or bonds he finds par values so high he cannot get in right.

The one place where the small investor is on equal terms with the big capitalist is at the reorganization of a profitable industrial business.

### THE INCREASE IN CAPITAL OF THE H. & H. MANUFACTURING CO. MAKES SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE SMALL CAPITALIST.

Established six years ago, it has been a splendid paying property from the start. The business of the first year was \$80,000—the past year over \$300,000. For the coming year, with increased facilities and resources, it will approximate \$500,000.

The H. & H. Co. at the present time ranks among the great leaders in the manufacture of nickel-plated ware, brass and copper goods. The demand for its product has reached that point where the capacity of its plant is inadequate.

In order to meet present as well as future exigencies, the Board of Directors has authorized an issue of \$100,000 of stock.

## THE HIGH COMMERCIAL RATING

accorded this company by every mercantile agency in the country should satisfy every prospective investor of its solidity.

## For Small Investors

this stock, 10,000 shares in all, par value \$10, payable in installments, will be allotted at once. The number of shares sold to any one subscriber will be limited.

You can secure stock at once if you desire it; but we prefer to have you investigate first. Send us your name and address on a postal card and we will send you a handsomely illustrated booklet showing the development of this company.

## THE H. &amp; H. MANUFACTURING CO.

548-570 West 25th Street,  
New York City.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, BUREAU FOR THE COLLECTION OF TAXES, NEW YORK, December 1, 1907.

## NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

UNDER THE PROVISIONS OF SECTION 919 of the Greater New York Charter (chapter 378, Laws of 1897), notice is hereby given to all persons or corporations who have omitted to pay their taxes, "To pay the same in the borough in which the property is located," as follows:

Borough of Manhattan, No. 57 Chambers street, Manhattan, N. Y.;  
Borough of the Bronx, corner Third and Tremont avenues, The Bronx, N. Y.;  
Borough of Brooklyn, Rooms 3, 4, 5 and 6, Municipal Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.;  
Borough of Queens, corner Jackson avenue and Fifth street, Long Island City, N. Y.;  
Borough of Richmond, Borough Hall, St. George, Staten Island, N. Y.

—and that under the provisions of section 916 of said Charter, "If any such tax shall remain unpaid on the first day of December, it shall be the duty of the Receiver of Taxes to charge, receive and collect upon such tax so remaining unpaid on that day, in addition to the amount of such tax, one per centum on the amount thereof, and to charge, receive and collect upon such tax so remaining unpaid on the first day of January thereafter, interest upon the amount thereof, at the rate of seven per centum per annum, to be calculated from the day on which said taxes became due and payable (October 7, 1907), as provided by section nine hundred and fourteen of this act, to the date of payment."

DAVID E. AUSTEN,  
Receiver of Taxes.

## The Greatest GOLD Dredging Enterprise in the World

THE YUKON BASIN GOLD DREDGING COMPANY is an international company organized under the territorial laws of the United States, registered and sanctioned by the strict laws of the Dominion of Canada. Its properties are 105 miles river frontage, or more than 10,000 acres on the famous Stewart River, the richest gold bearing placer field in the world. Title absolute from the Canadian Government through William Ogilvie, former governor of Yukon Territory and now president and actual field manager of the Yukon Basin Gold Dredging Company.

THE GOLD DREDGE A WONDERFUL MODERN INVENTION Each dredge put in the field will do the work of 1,000 men, and we propose to install twelve as rapidly as it is possible to make the arrangements. The ground is fully tested and immensely valuable.

This is the biggest gold dredging proposition in America. Careful tests covering 30 miles of our leaseholds went as high as \$11.00 and averaged more than \$1.00 per yard. Fabulous fortunes are being made dredging in California on ground averaging only 15c per yard.

**\$10.00 FOR EVERY \$1.00 INVESTED.** We consider this stock intrinsically worth par, dividends on that amount. A limited amount of full paid, non-assessable stock will be sold for development purposes at 10 CENTS per share. Par value \$1.00; soon to be advanced to 25 cents. Stock may be had on ten monthly installment payments.

Write for prospectus containing minutest details. Write and ask questions. Address  
Yukon Basin Gold Dredging Co., 233 SCARBUTT BLDG., Kansas City, Mo.





## HUNTER WHISKEY

IS A PURE RYE PRODUCT OF HIGHEST QUALITY AND UNIQUE FLAVOR, HENCE MOST WHOLESOME. GUARANTEED UNDER THE NATIONAL PURE FOOD LAW.



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.  
W. L. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



**CLARK'S CRUISE OF THE "ARABIC."**  
16,000 tons, fine, large, unusually steady  
**TO THE ORIENT**  
February 6 to April 17, 1908  
Seventy days, costing only \$400.00 and up, including shore excursions. SPECIAL FEATURES: Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, Algeiras, Malta, 19 Days in Egypt and the Holy Land, Constantinople, Athens, Rome, the Riviera, etc. TOURS ROUND THE WORLD.  
**40 TOURS TO EUROPE** most comprehensive and attractive ever offered. F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., New York.

### Are you going to St. Louis?

The HOTEL HAMILTON is a delightful place in the best Resident Section and away from the noise and smoke; yet within easy access. Transient Rate: \$1.00 to \$3.00 per day. European Plan. Special Rates by the week. Write for booklet. Address: W. F. WILLIAMSON, Manager.

**OPIUM** and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1, Lebanon, Ohio.

THE WAY TO DOUBLE PLEASURE

**NEW JERSEY CENTRAL**  
POPULAR ROUTE TO  
**LAKEWOOD**  
—AND—  
**ATLANTIC CITY**  
FROM NEW YORK  
Atlantic City Passengers may stop over at Lakewood without extra charge.  
Solid Vestibuled Trains—Pullman Coaches  
For Booklets send a Two-cent Stamp to  
W. C. HOPE, General Passenger Agent, New York

### Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 583.

"H." Sioux Falls: Please note suggestions in my department from week to week. I believe they will answer your inquiry satisfactorily.

"H." Newark, N. J.: Nobody knows how the affairs of the Interb. Met. will finally be unraveled. The bonds certainly look cheap at present prices.

"R." St. Louis: I would not sell the Frisco refunding 4s or the Mexican 5s at a loss. It would be advisable to hold them for better times, which are bound to come.

"C." Paducah, Ky.: I do not advise the purchase of the stock of the Telepost as an investment, or even as a speculation. Better let some one else pay the cost of experimentation.

"B. F." New York: Colorado Fuel and Iron sold last year as high as 83, and this year almost up to 60, so that its present price makes it look attractive from a speculative standpoint. The company is pretty heavily capitalized, but the property must have merit, as at one time the Steel Trust was ready to take it over.

"M." Chicago: 1. Both the bonds to which you refer represent industrial propositions, which have no connection with the Stock Exchange, and therefore if you desired to sell the securities at any time, it might be difficult to find a market for them. You can get around par good 6 per cent. bonds that are quoted on the exchanges.

"H." New York: I fear that railroad earnings, especially in the mining sections, will show quite a falling off in the new year, but the business recession may be short. Earnings of the Denver and Rio Grande thus far are satisfactory. Usually it is safer to even up on a bad break, because this will give an opportunity to get out of the market more quickly if one wishes to do so. Ontario and Western is less likely to be affected by adverse legislation and general business conditions than M. K. and T. and Kansas City Southern. All of these are selling at inviting figures.

"P." Englewood, N. J.: 1. I have not heard that a suit has been brought, and I doubt if it is necessary, because at the annual meetings it has been repeatedly stated that shareholders would be given an opportunity to examine the books if they would call at the offices of the company. 2. I would not sacrifice my New York Transportation, in view of the favorable statements of the management. I have always believed that properly equipped with an economical conveyance or bus the company could do a very profitable business, and that its franchise, covering Fifth Avenue and other leading streets in New York City, have great value.

"T." Middletown, Conn.: Southern Railroad preferred around 30 looks like a purchase, because of the former high figures at which it sold, but the prices at which the notes and bonds of the Southern are selling, and the talk of a possible reorganization have made speculators shy of the securities. An impression prevails very widely that Morgan interests have been picking up the shares on the recent decline, and that the preferred offers an excellent speculation. 2. Ontario and Western around 30, paying 2 per cent., or Kansas City Southern preferred around 50, and paying 4 per cent. dividends, or Amalgamated Copper from 45 to 50, also paying 4 per cent., look like fair speculations.

"Transit," St. Louis: 1. A determined effort to pass a ship-subsidy bill will be made during the present session of Congress, and it ought to succeed. If it passes, it should be helpful to the Int. Mer. Marine Co., and at present prices the stock looks reasonable. 2. The preferred does not pay dividends. 3. Speculatively Int. Mer. Marine Common might, in the long run, yield better returns than Ontario and Western, but, from the investment standpoint, the latter, paying 2 per cent. dividends, and selling at 30, is safer and more attractive. 4. The management of N. Y. Transportation reports that, for the first time, its Fifth Avenue line, since the introduction of the power bus, is earning a profit. Every effort is being made to increase the number of buses, but it is difficult to obtain them. Its cab business is also showing satisfactory returns. The stock looks cheap.

NEW YORK, December 5th, 1907.

JASPER.



### Soups

### Stews and Hashes

are rendered much more tasty and appetizing by the use of

## Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a rare relish for Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, Cheese, etc.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, N. Y.

### Making Money in Mining.

THE PRESENT depression in copper stocks is due, of course, to the low prices for the metal now prevailing. These prices are, in their turn, the result of the enormous over-production which was brought about by the anxiety of all owners of copper properties to take advantage of the great demand for copper in the boom times of the manufacturing industries and the attractive prices which this demand stimulated, and for a long time sustained. That period of feverish activity has been succeeded by one of ab-

Continued on page 585

DR. SIEGERT'S

**ANGOSTURA BITTERS**

By special appointment to H. W. the German Emperor and King of Prussia

**"YOUR HEALTH!"**

Is a toast that really means something when Angostura Bitters is served. No Christmas or New Year's table complete without it. Delicious with grape fruit, water ices, wine jellies, plum pudding, champagne, punches, cups, cocktails, etc. Excellent corrective for effects of over-eating and drinking. Twenty-three awards at principal expositions. Send for booklet.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, 44 West 34th Street, New York City

ORIGINATED 1824

## GENUINE HAVANA HAND-MADE CIGARS

DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO SMOKER  
MY BOOKLET ON "RECNO. CIGARS WILL INTEREST EVERY SMOKER WHO APPRECIATES A GOOD HAVANA CIGAR AT A REASONABLE PRICE. IT'S FREE. WRITE FOR IT TODAY!"

ESTABLISHED 1843 JOSEPH H. RUGG, 745 Market Street, Blairsville, Penna.

# DENTACURA

## TOOTH PASTE

cleans and preserves the teeth. Endorsed by thousands of dentists. In tubes convenient and economical. For sale at best stores or direct. 25c. Send 4c. in stamps for trial tube and book.

DENTACURA CO.

201 Alling Street NEWARK, N. J.

## Christmas Gift Cards

A FLAGG girl's head beautifully printed on fine bristol board, 6 x 7 1/2, with the words "Christmas Greetings" and "Compliments of," with space for you to write your name. Six for a quarter.

Address

Judge Company  
225 Fourth Ave., New York

### Ostrich-farming in East Africa.

THE government of the Portuguese East African province of Mozambique is about to take measures for the promotion of the ostrich-feather industry. Wild ostriches with fine black feathers are found in considerable numbers in the districts of Lourenço Marquez and Inhambane, and a decree has been published forbidding the hunting of ostriches, as well as the taking of their eggs and the destruction of their nests. The sale of ostrich eggs or eggshells is also prohibited. Disobedience of this decree is punishable by a fine of twenty dollars and imprisonment for thirty days. It is said to be the intention of the government to start a large ostrich ranch and stock it with young native birds caught by officials detailed for that purpose.

By Arthur E. Jameson.



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AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

Photogravure in sepia, 15 x 19 1/2.  
One Dollar.

Send five cents for our beautiful illustrated catalogue.

JUDGE CO., 225 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

### ARTISTS YOU SHOULD KNOW.

Our picture line is growing all the time. We have only carefully-selected subjects by the best popular artists, reproduced in photogravure or photogelatine on the highest-grade stock. Send five cents, to cover mailing expenses, for our new forty-eight-page catalogue, showing all our latest pictures, classified in subjects and with an Artists' Index.

Address Picture Department, Judge Company, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.

## Advertise in Leslie's Weekly

**The Truth**  
Can be told about  
**Great Western Champagne**

—the Standard of American Wines—

There is nothing to conceal in its production. It is Pure Grape Juice, fermented and aged to exact perfection for healthfulness, possessing the bouquet and flavor that connoisseurs desire.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.,  
Sole Makers, Rheims, N. Y.  
Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

Improved  
**BOSTON GARTER**

THE STANDARD FOR GENTLEMEN  
**ALWAYS EASY**

The Name "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop.

The **Velvet Grip** CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens  
sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

THE "VELVET GRIP" PATENT HAS BEEN SUSTAINED BY THE U. S. CIRCUIT COURT



APENTA

# APENTA

Best  
Natural  
Aperient Water

For Habitual and Obstinate Constipation



Old,  
Mellow  
and  
Fragrant

Sold by leading  
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By Gordon Grant.



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GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT.

Photogravure in sepia, 15 x 20.  
One Dollar.

Address JUDGE COMPANY, 225 Fourth Ave., New York.

Have you seen  
**THE TEDDY BEARS**  
in this week's JUDGE?

Intending purchasers of a STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS Piano, or Piano and Self-Player combined, should not fail to examine the merits of the world-renowned

## SOHMER

PIANOS

and the "SOHMER-CECILIAN" Inside Players, which surpass all others.  
Catalogue mailed on application.

SOHMER & COMPANY, NEW YORK.  
Warerooms: Cor. 5th Ave. 22d St.

## Making Money in Mining.

Continued from page 584.

normal business depression. The copper pendulum has taken a long swing, owing to this exceptional disturbance of conditions by a combination of circumstances which may not be repeated in a generation. When it swings back, as it must, with the resumption of business activity, judicious investors in the red metal will come into their own, for copper has to be reckoned with as one of the greatest factors in modern industrial operations.

"Bellevue," N. Y.: I would not throw good money after bad. The urgent request for you to change your Standard stock does not come from a philanthropist.

"D." Chicago: The capitalization of the Sonora Central of \$10,000,000 is altogether too high. I do not recommend the proposition. The depreciation has been caused, no doubt, by the general slump in mining stocks.

"S." Erie, Pa.: The Arizona National Copper Co. is very heavily capitalized, in addition to a bonded indebtedness of \$300,000. It has yet to demonstrate the value that has been claimed for it. I do not regard the proposition as among the most promising.

"S." Waterbury, Conn.: I doubt if it would be wise to double up in Greene Gold and Silver at this time. If Colonel Greene would make a frank statement of the condition of his properties, the public would be gratified and probably instructed and benefited.

"J. V. P." Amherst, N. H.: I know nothing about the firm, and have never commended their propositions. My advice always has been to buy only with a knowledge of what you were buying and of the character of the persons who were selling. This is a safe rule to follow always.

"D." Lake George, N. Y.: All of the stocks to which you refer are of a speculative nature, the Goldfield Con. has passed its dividend. Probably one of the safest mining stocks, and one that pays dividends, is the Homestake, which has had a long record as a dividend-payer, and which last year sold as high as \$86 and this year as high as \$85. It has recently been selling around \$60. Of course it is not so highly speculative as some of the lower-priced stocks. Another mining stock which has a good record, and which pays 4 per cent per annum, is Amalgamated Copper. Anaconda also has merit.

"Mojave": I agree with you that the proposition, or plan, for reorganization of the Mitchell Mining Company is not a good thing for the stockholders to sign, as it seems to absolutely surrender all their power to a self-appointed committee. If a sufficient number of the stockholders would combine and send me their proxies, I would put the latter in the hands of a party to represent them and to make a fight in their behalf. The manner in which the company's affairs have been handled deserves severe criticism. I do not see that stockholders can be compelled to deposit their stock with any committee, and the rights of the former could not be jeopardized unless a reorganization should be found necessary. I would hold off until such a crisis had been reached.

NEW YORK, December 5th, 1907.

ROSCOE.

## Mining Notes of Special Interest.

[VANPAH, Cal., which was in the 'sixties and 'seventies a rich silver camp, but was afterward deserted, seems likely to have a new boom. Its total production during its earlier period of activity is said to have been about \$32,000,000, which was extracted from only high-grade ore by crude methods. Lately experts have been looking over some of the old properties, and in the hands of new owners and by the use of modern machinery it is believed that they will pay handsomely for working.

The discovery of vanadium combined with iron in nugget form is reported from the state of Oaxaca, Mexico. This mineral is very valuable for use in hardening steel. Salts of vanadium are also largely employed in medicine, and in ink, glass, and dye manufactures. Molybdenum, another rare and valuable mineral,

Continued on page 586.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best cough remedy for adults and children. It cures the cold that hangs on. 25c.

## All In.

"ARE the returns all in?" asked the nervous candidate on the night of election.

"Not quite," replied his faithful henchmen, grimly, "but enough to show that you are."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children. 25c a bottle.

## Stole a Ride.

"How on earth did you get into this awful state?"

"Don't tell the railroad authorities, ma'am; but I came on a freight-train."

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES FOR CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25c. a box.

## Poor Jones!

Missionary—"Can you give me any information about Deacon Jones, who labored amongst your people three years ago?"

Cannibal—"Well, the last I heard about him he had gone into consumption."

MUSICAL people who call at the warerooms of Sohmer & Co. may be assured that they will find what will gratify the most cultivated musical taste in every respect.

## "Shave Yourself"

I have already convinced over a million men that a daily home shave with my razor is a habit that every self-respecting man should acquire.

I have taught them that the "Gillette" way is the only way to save time and money—to maintain an unruffled disposition, and to be sure of perfect hygienic shaving conditions.

My razor is increasing in popularity every day, because it is absolutely dependable—it is always ready for use—no honing—no stropping—and it gives as light as or close a shave as you may wish, without danger of cutting or scratching.

I have changed the entire complexion of the advertising pages of the prominent magazines of this country, not only by my own advertisements, but by the greater number of announcements published by manufacturers of shaving soaps, shaving brushes, shaving powders, shaving creams and other shaving accessories that have been made profitable, because the army of "Gillette" users who are self-shavers is increasing in number daily.

Finally, I am proving more conclusively every day, that while there may be room for argument as to what shaving accessories one should use, there is no doubt about the Razor. There is but one perfect razor—for all men—to be used under all conditions—and that is my razor—the "Gillette."

When you buy a safety razor get the best—the "Gillette." It will last you for the rest of your life—it is not a toy—it will always give you complete satisfaction.

The double-edged, flexible blades are so inexpensive that when they become dull you throw them away as you would an old pen.

Single Gillette

The Gillette Safety Razor set consists of a triple silver-plated holder, 12 double-edged blades (24 keen edges), packed in a velvet lined leather case, and the price is \$5.00 at all the leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers.

An Ideal Holiday Gift.

Combination Sets from \$6.50 to \$50.00.

Ask your dealer for the "Gillette" to-day. If substitutes are offered refuse them and write us at once for our booklet and free trial offer.

GILLETTE SALES CO.,

265 Times Bldg., NEW YORK CITY.

## Gillette Safety

NO STROPPING NO HONING

## Razor



## Swift's Premium Calendar 1908



Is unique in shape and subjects and unusual in artistic treatment. It consists of three large panels, each 8 1/2 x 17 1/2 inches, richly lithographed in twelve colors and gold, rarely beautiful facsimiles of three magnificent paintings.

THE first panel is a beautiful head—an ideal American girl's head—painted by Miss Eggleston. Miss Eggleston's home is in Brooklyn, and she has made a fine reputation in her own chosen field of art. The Eggleston picture is bordered with a dainty gold frame, the whole having the appearance of being mounted upon watered silk of a silvery sheen. It is very artistic and decorative.

The second and third panels are reproductions of two paintings by the famous Russian artist, Eisman Semenovskii. He has his studio in Paris, where he makes a specialty of figures and classical subjects. He has exhibited at the Paris Salon, the Royal Academy of London and other important exhibitions, and his pictures are popular with wealthy American art connoisseurs. The figures painted for our 1908 Calendar are classical without being severe and they have a warmth of tone and purity of technique that will make them highly appreciated by those who admire advanced art.

The picture here shown is the second panel. The scene represents a young Roman matron momentarily stopping in the midst of her fancy work to play with one of her household pets. The color of this panel is soft and pleasing.

The Semenovskii panels contain no advertising matter of any kind, and will make beautiful art subjects for permanent framing.

We will mail this calendar, post-paid, to any address for 10 Wool Soap Wrappers, 1 metal cap from jar of Swift's Beef Extract, or for 10 cents in stamps or coin.

Swift's Premium  
Hams and Bacon  
Each Piece Branded on the Rind

All Dealers Sell Swift's Products

Swift's Silver Leaf Lard

3, 5 and 10 pound airtight pails

Swift & Company Department 11  
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"LAKE SHORE LIMITED":

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### The Weather Side Of the House

There's always a room on the weather side of the house that's hard to heat. But don't drive your furnace—it's expensive and will do very little good.

The easy and cheap way to heat this cold room is with the Perfection Oil Heater. It makes no difference how many times the wind changes—you can carry the heater from room to room as often as you like and keep the weather side of the house warm and cozy. The

## PERFECTION Oil Heater

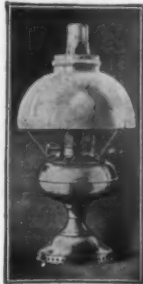
(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

burns as evenly and cleanly as gas and of course is very much cheaper. It simply can't smoke or smell—it can't be turned too high or too low—the wick can't climb up when your back is turned like the old-fashioned kinds used to do.

As cozy as a grate fire and not half as much trouble. Burns nine hours with one filling. Finished in Nickel or Japan. Every heater guaranteed.

**The Rayo Lamp** can be used in any room and is the safest and best lamp for all-round household use. It is equipped with the latest improved central draft burner—gives a bright light at small cost. Absolutely safe. All parts easily cleaned. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Suitable for library, dining-room, parlor or bedroom. Every lamp warranted. If you cannot get the Rayo Lamp and Perfection Heater from your dealer, write to our nearest agency.

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*The World's Best*

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Often imitated but never equalled—the leading Bitters since 1846. Now the favorite and most universally used in all parts of the world. Alone as a tonic and bracer it is unrivalled and at all times especially refreshing. Gives relish for food, even to the dyspeptic.

**Enjoyable as a Cocktail and Better for You**

Over 7,000,000 bottles imported to the United States  
At all Hotels, Clubs and Restaurants, or by the bottle at Wine Merchants and Grocers.

Bottled only by H. Underberg Albrecht, Rheimsberg, Germany.

**LUYTIES BROTHERS, 204 William Street, New York, Sole Agents.**

### Mining Notes of Special Interest.

Continued from page 585.

is found in considerable quantities in the same state. It is much in demand for various chemical compounds, being a powerful germicide, and also used in the manufacture of fireproof materials.

An interesting relic of prehistoric mining has been discovered on the upper reaches of the Ameca River in Mexico. It is an arrastre, the native device for crushing ore. It is a circular stone with a centre-post, and the space between the centre and the circumference is hollowed out to hold the ore. From the centre-post a pole was swung, to which were attached heavy stones, so that when the pole was dragged around it ground and crushed the ore. Many of these primitive devices are still used in the remote mining districts of Mexico, but it is believed that the one in question antedates the historic period. The weight of the arrastre is estimated at forty tons.

A mining man who has recently returned from Honduras says that the gold deposits of that and other Central American States are immense, far outclassing those of Nevada and the Klondike. He believes that if the United States and Mexico would unite to put an end to the revolutions and other disturbance throughout Central America, they would receive their reward in the great enterprises which American and Mexican companies would be encouraged to carry on. "The entire surface," he says, "of certain sections is undermined with wonderful rich deposits of all kinds of minerals."



## "Yes, I said COOK'S Imperial EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE"

It is not only the best American champagne, but the best champagne

Fortunes may slip through your fingers because you are not posted on rare coins, stamps or paper money. I pay large premiums on thousands of rare specimens up to 1895. A Boston Baker got \$1800 for four coins, and two coins from Salem, Mass., sold for \$2800. Mr.

### OLD COINS

### WANTED

Castle paid \$4400 for a stamp found at Louisville, Ky., and 65 coins and medals sold for \$35,000. What other business offers such large profits without any risk? Send a stamp for an Ill. Circular, get posted and make money quickly. Von Bergen, The Coin Dealer, Dept. 25, Boston, Mass.

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY'S CLASSIFIED SERVICE

The Best Classified Advertising Medium

NEARLY 100,000 COPIES SOLD EACH WEEK—1,000,000 READERS

Every endeavor will be made to keep questionable announcements out of these columns

### MISCELLANEOUS

#### MONTANA MINE DIVIDENDS

continue to lead the combined mine dividends of all other states. Success is best possible where there is greatest success. Montana-Hedra is a "buy." Company is financed and tunnel being driven into the ledge. Expect to strike shipping ore any time. A few shares of stock yet remain at original subscription price. For particulars write to secretary of the company, Mark E. Davis, 361 12th Street, Oakland, Cal.

**MINING ENGINEER.** Reliable examinations and reports of mining properties. Maps, Surveys and Assays. F. M. BAILEY, 59 Mitchell Building, Cincinnati, O.

### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**LEARN MORE AND EARN MORE.** We teach Law, Engineering, Oratory, Advertising, Business Correspondence, Short-story Writing, and 150 others. Best school on earth. Small cost. Easy payments. Ask for catalog 39, and name course wanted. Intercontinental University, Washington, D. C.

**A MANUFACTURER'S PERMANENT BUSINESS OFFER.** \$50 to \$150 per week operating direct sales parlors for the BEST specialty dress shoe known for men and women. Outlets all others. Every person a possible customer. NO RISK. Answer NOW. Kushion Comfort Shoe Co., 55H Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

**LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED.** A LARGE INCOME assured to anyone who will act as our representative after learning our business thoroughly by mail. Experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. An exceptional opportunity for those who desire to better their conditions and make more money. For full particulars write nearest office for free book. No. 387. NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO., Athenaeum Bldg., Chicago, Ill., Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C., Phelps Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

### MAKE \$200 AND UPWARD MONTHLY.

If you have spare time and a little cash write to-day for Book L. We will teach you thoroughly by mail; advertising, salesmanship and mail-order business, assist you in business and help make you prosperous.

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The man who owns a Mechanical Cleaning Wagon MAKES MONEY.  
We are ready to prove that

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This year,—next year,—and the years after Cleaning houses by our patented machinery, by energetic, competent men. Over 300 operators in as many towns in the United States. We make the most efficient stationary systems for Residences—Hotels—Office Buildings, Etc. The largest manufacturers of cleaning machinery in the world

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The most liberal offer ever made by a publishing company  
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**The 1907 EDITION JUST OUT**

This book will save you from \$100 to \$500 on your new house if you build after one of Glenn Lyle Saxton's Original Plans.



**3 PRIZE WINNERS**

SEND \$1 to-day to JUDGE Co., 225 4th Avenue, N. Y. City, for this beautiful book "American Dwellings," containing hundreds of beautiful homes—the only practical, useful and complete book of plans ever published.

The plans shown in this book are sold at a very moderate figure, and will save you the cost of an architect's service. Select your plan, send Judge Co., 225 4th Ave., N. Y., a certified check for the cost of plans, after deducting the \$1 which you paid for the book. If you buy plans shown in "American Dwellings," your book will not cost you one cent, and it is a gift that you will be proud to make room for on your library table. Send for this famous "American Dwellings"—the only book of plans that has an intrinsic value and will save you money. Published by Glenn L. Saxton, The Practical Architect, whose beautiful and original houses are built in every country, even in the most remote parts of the world. We have for sale by the same architect, Supplement to "American Dwellings," containing house plans, 25 cents.

### HOW TO GET THE BOOK FREE



## Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address Insurance Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

LIKE some other much-abused institutions and individuals, the big life-insurance companies are coming to the relief of the financial situation. With the best will in the world, many banks are unable to furnish even their old customers with the money needed for the conduct of business. In this emergency merchants and others are turning to the life-insurance companies for loans on their policies, and are experiencing one of the many advantages which accrue to the holder of a policy in a strong organization. Most of the companies have stopped all other forms of investment, and are devoting their vast resources to the loan accommodation of their policy-holders. The Equitable, for example, has lent thus far this year more than \$8,000,000 on outstanding policies, and is continuing the practice at the rate of \$3,000,000 a month. What this accommodation means to the business men of the country—and especially to the business men of small resources—in this time of exceptional financial strain, may be better understood when it is known that the average loans to policy-holders made by the company mentioned during the forty-eight years of its existence have not been quite \$750,000 a year. Multiply these millions by the number of the big companies which are pursuing a like liberal and patriotic policy, and you will perhaps gain a better idea of the beneficent work of life insurance than you ever had before.

"A." Chicago: While changes in the management have been discussed, the soundness of the company has not been questioned. The Prudential, of course, is much stronger.

"Doctor," Highland Park, Ill.: I see nothing in the scheme that commends itself particularly. I do not believe in insurance speculation. The well-established companies have the business, and know how to get and to hold it.

"M. C.," Toledo, O.: One of the cheapest insurance policies now offered to the public has been devised by that old and reliable company, The Prudential. It has the highest indorsement of all who have seen it. You can get a copy of it and the cost per \$1,000 if you will simply state your age, and address the letter of inquiry to "Department S, The Prudential Insurance Company, Newark, N. J."

*The Heron.*

The Latest.

"Will you come into my parlor?" said the newspaper-writer to the lie.

By James Montgomery Flagg.



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A CONTENTED FOOL.

Photogravure in sepia, 8 x 11.  
25 cents

By James Montgomery Flagg



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HER MASTER'S VOICE.

Photogravure in sepia, 12 x 16.  
50 cents.

## Business Chances Abroad.

A NEW tariff will soon be in operation in Paraguay, under the terms of which American shoes, roll-top desks and office furniture and buggies may be advantageously imported into that country.

ARGENTINA affords a large and ready market for all classes of wire fencing, English goods now predominating. Woven wire has a large sale, farmers and ranchmen being generally ready to test new styles. Cattle and sheep are the animals to confine which most of the fencing is used.

INDIA has greatly increased its exports of cotton-seed and cotton-seed products during the last four years. This has stimulated the use of machinery used in the manufacture of cotton-seed oil, and Consul-General W. H. Michael, of Calcutta, calls the attention of American manufacturers of such machinery to the opportunity now presented them in India.

## Xmas Ideas

By Arthur E. Jameson.



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AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

Photogravure in sepia, 15 x 19 1/2.  
One Dollar.

Special attention given to Xmas orders. Each one accompanied by an artistic presentation card.

Address

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225 Fourth Avenue, New York

# WHY IS Miller HIGH LIFE

## The Champagne of Bottle BEER



shipped to the Philippines, Egypt, India and the ends of civilization?  
Because High Life satisfies the universal demand for a perfect beer.  
The World Asks For It. That's why we were compelled to increase our capacity to

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**Old Sol**  
is at his merriest,  
jolliest best right  
now in  
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Why not take a trip out  
there this Winter? For  
booklets on California  
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A SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF LESLIE'S WEEKLY  
A \$10.00 Book for Only \$2.00



\$100.00 IN GOLD!

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TO ALL WHO ARE MARRIED,

or are contemplating marriage, it will give information worth HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS, besides conferring a lasting benefit not only upon them, but upon their children. Every thinking man and woman should study this work. Any person desiring to know more about the book before purchasing it may send to us for our 8-page descriptive circular, giving full and complete table of contents. It will be sent free by mail to any address. The following is the table of contents:

Chapter I—Marriage and Its Advantages. Chapter II—Age at which to Marry. Chapter III—The Law of Choice. Chapter IV—Love Analyzed. Chapter V—Qualities the Man Should Avoid in Choosing. Chapter VI—Qualities the Woman Should Avoid in Choosing. Chapter VII—The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Woman. Chapter VIII—The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Man. Chapter IX—Amativeness: Its Use and Abuse. Chapter X—The Law of Genius. Chapter XI—The Law of Continence. Chapter XII—Children: Their Desirability. Chapter XIII—The Law of Growth. Chapter XIV—The Conception of a New Life. Chapter XV—The Physiology of Inter-Uterine Growth. Chapter XVI—Period of Gestative Influence. Chapter XVII—Pregnancy: Its Signs and Duration. Chapter XVIII—Disorders of Pregnancy. Chapter XIX—Confinement. Chapter XX—Management of Mother and Child. Chapter XXI—Period of Nursing Influence. Chapter XXII—Fecundity. Chapter XXIII—Diseases Peculiar to Women. Chapter XXIV—Diseases Peculiar to Men. Chapter XXV—Sterility and Impotence. Chapter XXVI—A Happy Married Life: How Secured. Chapter XXVII—Subjects of Which More Might Be Said.

This book is a handsome 8vo, bound in heavy cloth, and contains 400 pages, with 100 illustrations, and will be sent by mail, postpaid, and securely sealed for \$3.00.

A SPECIAL OFFER TO YOU. We wish to ascertain the value of this advertisement, and with this end in view we will send a copy of the above valuable work by mail, postpaid, on receipt of only \$2.00, provided you mention the fact that you saw this advertisement in LESLIE'S WEEKLY. Address all orders to

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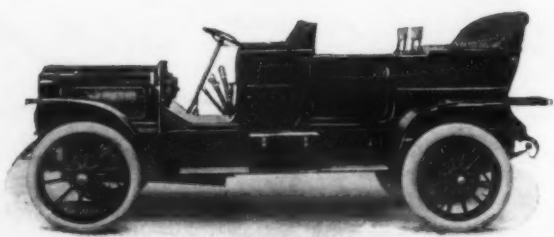


"'Twas the night before Christmas."

# White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

## THE INCOMPARABLE WHITE THE CAR FOR SERVICE



### WRITE FOR THE NEW WHITE CATALOG

We would like to send a copy of our new catalog to everyone interested in any phase of motoring. Everyone should read, for example, the description of the White generator, that wonderful steam-making device wherein the water is at the top and the steam at the bottom and wherein none of the conditions of the ordinary boiler are present. The references to the continuous success of the White in all forms of competition during the last seven years will also prove of interest. Also, we invite attention to the detailed specifications of our two models—one of 30 horse-power and the other of 20 horse-power—with touring car, runabout, limousine, and landaulet bodies.

A postal to us brings a copy

**THE WHITE COMPANY**  
Cleveland, Ohio

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

### Bulletin.

#### THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS ON THE RAILS.

At no other period of the year does home-hunger grip the human heart with such an eager yearning as at Christmas time. The lasting memories of the old homestead, the tender welcome of the older and the merry greetings of the younger dear ones, the happy reunion about the festal board, the pungent odor of the cedar, the witchery of the holly, the lurking sentiment of the mistletoe, all combine to make a lure well-nigh irresistible.

It is the season of reunions and foregatherings, of meeting and parting.

The zest of travel is rife, for apart from the home-goings and social exchanges it is a holiday time for many and there are pleasant excursions to be made, where sight-seeing has an added relish from the prevalent gaiety and good cheer.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is always popular at holiday times. Its system is so far-reaching, and at the same time so closely interwoven with the needs of the traveler; its trains are so numerous and so well equipped for the accommodation of every class of travel, and its ticketing arrangements so satisfying that it might be termed the Santa Claus route.

Its Limited trains carry the highest grade of travelers, completely appointed in every detail, offer exceptional advantages to the children going home from school for the Christmas vacation. The boys naturally gravitate to such trains; the girls will find every comfort and safeguard, as well as a maid at their command.

No matter whither bound it is wise to consult a Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent as to trains and rates. He can start you right; the rest will be easy.



Typewriters come and go,  
but the machine that always  
stays, always leads, always  
improves, always outwears,  
and always outsells all  
others is the

## Remington

Remington Typewriter Company  
(Incorporated)  
New York and Everywhere



# Club Cocktails



Christmas

CLUB COCKTAILS are a fitting preface  
to a Merry Christmas Dinner.

All the mixing experience in the world cannot possibly produce at haphazard a drink as perfect in its exquisite flavor. CLUB COCKTAILS are *measure-mixed*—a master blend of choice old liquors aged in wood, of fine, full fragrance, smooth and palatable—the most delightful appetizer imaginable.

Seven kinds—Martini, gin base, and Manhattan, whiskey base, are the most popular. At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.  
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## DO YOU EVER THINK ABOUT OWNING YOUR OWN HOME?



IF YOU are thinking about Building a House an investment of \$1.00 now will save you hundreds of dollars in building a house, by getting the latest and most practical ideas of the noted and capable architect, Mr. George Palliser. We therefore desire to call your special attention to our new book just issued and containing over

**ONE HUNDRED  
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HOUSE PLANS**

THE TITLE OF THIS BOOK IS

## GEORGE PALLISER'S MODERN BUILDINGS

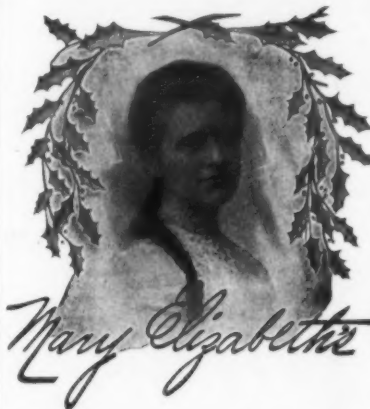
A new up-to-date book, containing over one hundred plans (all new) of houses ranging in cost from \$500 to \$20,000; also plans of Public Library Buildings, Summer Hotels, Stables, Public Halls, etc., etc.

This book is a collection of practical designs showing examples of houses recently built, and invaluable to everyone thinking of building, by reason of their having been, with very few exceptions, planned in the ordinary course of a busy architect's practice during the last few years, and built in various parts of the country within the prices given.

Full description accompanies each plate, giving sizes, height of stories, how built and finished, and improvements contained, thus giving information of very great value to everyone contemplating building, as the plans and designs embody the best thought and most careful study of those erecting them, giving real results as to cost and a guide that is safe to follow. These designs and plans have, therefore, a value that can be fully appreciated for their practical utility, and stand alone as real examples of how some people's homes are planned and what they cost.

To those wanting homes or selling home-sites, members of building associations, land companies, real-estate men, those having land to improve, carpenters and builders, and everyone interested or who ever hopes to own a home, these designs are invaluable and will prove of very great value to them. It contains 115 large pages, size 11 x 14 inches. Price, bound in heavy paper cover, sent by mail, postpaid, \$2.00. Bound in cloth, \$2.00. Sent by mail, postpaid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders with remittances to

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Remit by money order or check—don't send currency.



VERY prettily packed boxes and baskets containing the choicest Chocolates and Bon Bons my sisters and I make will be prepared by us especially for Christmas.

These candies which have made so good a name have that exceptional deliciousness and character of fine home-made cooking which every palate craves, but which is absent in even the most expensive candies bought in the shops.

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There are 1, 2, 3 and 5 pound boxes and a few very handsome baskets at 5, 7, 10 and 12 dollars each.

Won't you let us attend to several of your Christmas gifts? Mail your orders as early as possible and allow something for express. Any surplus will be returned at once.

Pictures of the baskets and boxes sent on request.

Sincerely,

Mary Elizabeth and her Sisters,  
Syracuse, N. Y.

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# Williams' Shaving Stick

"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

The New  
*Nickeled Box*  
*Hinged Cover*



## ECONOMY is only one of its matchless features

You can get many more shaves from Williams' Shaving Stick than from other kinds. Williams' Shaving Stick does not get soft and mushy nor wear away like other Shaving Sticks. One user of Williams' Shaving Stick writes—"I have gotten 152 shaves from a single Shaving Stick, in no way stinting or making any effort to extend its life for a record. Figured out on this basis, each shave cost me less than two mills."

Our new, handsome, heavily nickeled, hinged cover box is an added attraction to Williams' Shaving Stick. The top can be opened and closed with one hand and cannot go astray. Price 25c. Will be sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Stick can also be had in the leatherette-covered metal box, as formerly.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere.  
Send 4 cents in stamps for Williams' Shaving Stick or  
a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap (trial size)  
enough for fifty shaves.

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